

THE OLD LANDING SHAKESPEARE

James Labor's lost

PR
2753
F87
v.7



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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE :
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.



LF
S527Fur

Shakespeare, William

Old spelling...

ed. Furnivall. [Vol. 7]

LOUES LABORS LOST

EDITED BY

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HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, ETC.

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CORRECTIONS

p. vi. 'a striking scene like that chronicled earlier by Holinshed,'
for *earlier by Holinshed*, read *later by Stow*. See

Stow's *Annales*, ed, 1605, p. 1281-2.

The 9. of Aprill, being good friday, in the afternoone, the lord maior
and aldermen of London being in Powles church yard,
¹⁵⁹⁶ Soldiers pressed hearing the sermon at Paules crosse, were sodainelie
and discharged. called from thence, and foorthwith by a precept from her
maiestie and counsell, pressed 1000 men, which was done by 8. of the
clocke the same night ; and before the next morning they were purveied
of all maner of furniture for the wars, readie to haue gone towardes
Dover, and so to the aide of the French in Caleis against the Spaniardes ;
but in the afternoone of the same Saturday they were all discharged :
Souldiers pressed notwithstanding on the 11. of Aprill, being Easter daie,
on Easter Day about tenne of the clocke before noone, came a newe
[while in church] charge, so that all men being in their parish Churches
readie to haue receiued the Communion, the aldermen, their deputies,
constables, and other officers, were faine to close up the Church doores,
till they had pressed so manie men to be souldiers, that by twelue of the
clocke, they had in the whole Citie 1000 men ; and those, forthwith
furnished of armour, weapons and all thinges necessarie,
Souldiers sent to Douer to haue were for the most part that night, and the rest on the
him transported next morning, sent awaie towardes Douer, as the like
ouer to Calais. out of other partes of the Realme : but about a weeke
after they returned back againe, for the French had took Caleis.

The reader should try to realise how closely these French expeditions
were woven into London life.

For a contemporary account of the war in France, see Antony Coly-
net's "True History of the Civill Warres of France, betweene the
French King, Henry the IV, and the Leaguers, gathered from the yere
of our Lord, 1585, untill this present October, 1591." London, 1591.

p. 34. The edge of the plate was broken, so that 'Wha' appears at
the end of l. 91 for 'What' ; l. 92, 'What' for 'What,' and in line 95
'aomine' for 'domine.'

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FOREWORDS.

THE metrical evidence settles at once that this is Shakspeare's first complete play. It "has twice as many rymed lines as blank-verse ones (1 to 58) ; it has only one run-on line in 18.14, and only 9 extra-syllable blank-verse lines ; it has, in the dialogue, a sonnet (I. i. 80-93) besides those recited, and seven 6-line stanzas,¹ and in Act IV. sc. iii. lines 220-287, p. 43-5, no less than 17 consecutive 4-line verses of alternate rymes, besides many other such verses singly and successively. It has much 1-line (short and long) antithetic talk, 194 doggrel lines of different measures, and only one Alexandrine (6-measure, with a pause at the 3rd) ; it has hardly any plot ; it is cram-full of word-play, quip, conceit, and chaff, without a bit of pathos till the end² ; it belongs to the first or Mistaken-Identity group of plays ; it is formal in structure, and ill-balanced in act-contents, the first Act being half as long again, the fourth twice as long, the fifth three times as long, as the second and third Acts,³—this last peculiarity arising from Shakspeare's revision of the play, and additions to it,⁴ when

¹ IV. i. 28-33, IV. iii. 214-19, V. ii. 410-415, 579-584, I. i. 74-79, *ab, ab, cc* ; two successively I. i. 147-152, 153-158.

² See my Introduction to the Leopold Shakspeare, p. xxii-iii.

³ Spedding.

⁴ Mr. Spedding says : " In the first Act I suspect Biron's remonstrance against the vow to be an insertion. In the fourth, nearly the whole of the close, from Biron's burst, ' Who sees the heavenly Rosaline ? ' IV. iii. 219. In the fifth, the whole of the first scene between Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel bears traces, to me, of the maturer hand, and may have been inserted bodily. The whole close of the fifth Act, from the entrance of Mercade (V. ii. 698) has been probably rewritten, and may bear the same relation to the original copy which Rosaline's speech, ' Oft haue I heard of you, my Lord Berowne ' (V. ii. 817-847), bears to

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it was acted before Q. Elizabeth at Christmas 1597, and published in 1598: its first version must have been written in or soon after 1589. (I don't think 'the Plague' V. ii. 421 is that of 1592.)

In this year, 1589, says Stow (*Annals*, 1605, p. 1264), "About the 21st of September, the citizens of London furnished a thousand men to be sent ouer into France, to the aiding of Henry, late king of Nauar, then chalenging the crown of France, as rightfull inheritor by lawfull succession.¹ Also diuers shires in England sent into France to the same aide,—some shires a thousand, as Kent and other shires, and some shires lesse, &c. All which companies were sent ouer into France, vnder the conduction of Peregrine Bartie, lord Willoughby and Eresby."²

Elizabeth having no standing army, these thousand Londoners had to be prest in the different wards for service, and Shakspeare and many of his playgoers may well have been present at a striking scene like that chronicled earlier by Holinshed,³ when in the midst of diuine service the press-gang of officials and soldiers entered, lockt the doors, and demanded their quota of men for the war. In the little London of the day, a foreign expedition and the pressing of citizens for it

the original speech of six lines (798–803, p. 80 n.) which has been allowed by mistake to stand. There are also a few lines (1–3) at the opening of the fourth Act which I have no doubt were introduced in the corrected copy:

Princesse. Was that the king, that spur'd his horse so hard
Against the steepe vp-rising of the hill?

Forr. I know not; but I thinke it was not he.

It was thus that Shakspeare learnt to *shade off* his scenes, to carry the action beyond the stage."

¹ Henry III. had been assassinated.

² They were '6000 lustie souldiers,' and sent because King Henry 'thus distressed, sent speedily post to the Q. of England, as to his best and surest friend, for Ayde.'—*Annales*, 1615, p. 757, col. 2. But Crowe, *Hist. France*, iii. 259, makes them 4000. For Lord Essex's like expedition in 1591, see Stow, p. 1266 (1605) and p. 761/2 (1615). It consisted 'of 4000 foote men and some number of Horsemen and pioners.'

³ I've lost the reference, tho I formerly copied the passage out for both Tennyson and Browning, in the vain hope that each of them would write a poem on it.

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came close to the notice of the inhabitants, while their then strong Protestant sympathies were keenly excited by the sufferings of their fellow-religionists in France, and the gallant fight of the Protestant Henry of Navarre for his right, the throne of France.¹

It was therefore certain that when the country-bred Shakspeare resolv'd to begin his career as a comedian with a bright open-air play on the topics of the day, Henry of Navarre and his officers would be leading characters in it. Other subjects were near at hand. Under a virgin queen the relation of woman and man was an unfailing subject of interest; Academies for young men were also proposed—see my edition of 'Queene Elizabethes Achademy' for the Early English Text Society,—and, as a countryman, Shakspeare would delight in quizzing the wits and faddists of the city, and showing them the utter worthlessness of their smart talk and quips when set beside the realities of life (see Rosalin's words in V. ii. 817-45, p. 77).

In the play, then, King Ferdinand represents Henri IV. of Navarre; Berowne, Marshal de Biron, under whom the English contingent of 1589 generally served; Longavill, the Duke de Longueville, an officer in Henry's army; while Dumaine, the Duke de Mayenne, was Henry's chief opponent, and did not submit to him till 1595 or 1596;² and the boy Moth may be called after the French ambassador, La Mothe, or La Motte.³ Armado,⁴ whom Shakspeare calls 'a Phantasime, a Monarcho,' is the well-known 'Phantastical Monarcho,' whose epitaph Churchyard wrote in 1580. The embassy of Katherin and her ladies is founded on an actual meeting between the French Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, and her most beautiful ladies, and Henri IV at San Bris in 1586 to settle matters in dispute; and the visit of Ferdinand and his nobles 'appariled like Muscovites or

¹ In 1593 he turn'd Roman Catholic to secure his kingdom, as he thought Paris worth a Mass.

² Crowe, *Hist. France*, iii. 318 (1863).

³ See Mr. Sidney Lee's Papers in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1878, and the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1887, part I. p. 6.

⁴ This Braggart's name may well have reminded Londoners of the Spanish boast about what their *Armada* would do to England in 1588.

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Russians' (V. ii. 120-1) is got from the Czar's mission to Q. Elizabeth in 1583, when, in the gardens of York House, the Russian ambassador courted Lady Mary Hastings¹ in a ridiculously extravagant way, as the future Czaritsa. Holofernes may or may not be a quiz of Florio who enlight Montaigne's Essays,—he is to be compared with Rombus in Sir Philip Sidney's *Lady of May*, written in 1578,—and Rosalin may reflect the dark lady of Shakspeare's Sonnets. The making Berowne wait a year for her may be imitated from Chaucer's *Parlament of Foules*.

The pledging of Aquitaine for two 'hundred thousand Crownes' of which King Ferdinand speaks in II. i. 130—148, may have been suggested by a passage in Monstrelet's French Chronicle, ch. xvii (Johnes's translation of 1807, i. 54; Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, i. 3) saying that, for the Duchy of Nemours, and a promise of 200,000 gold crowns, Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered to the King of France, the Castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and all his other lordships in France.

As to the specialties of speech in the play, Dr. Landmann showd in the New Shakspeare Society's *Transactions* for 1882, p. 241—276, that the King and his nobles speak Petrarchism; Armado, Gongorism, the inflated verbiage, hyperbole and bombast borrowed from the Spanish Gongora; Holofernes and Nathaniel, Latin-English or Soraismus; while Costard makes a mess of the Puritan jargon; and alliteration is used by all.

In this first play of Shakspeare's are to be noted 1. his sound philosophy of life, 2. his conviction that Love is the great changer and redeemer of men, and that Women are their teachers, 3. his bringing Nature and the country² on to the London boards, and mixing tragedy (the death of the Princess's father) with his comedy, 4. his contempt for mere word cleverness and wit, 5. his disgust at women painting

¹ The Czar first wanted Q. Elizabeth. Then he substituted Lady Mary, and she ultimately refused him. See the extracts from Horsey on p. xi.

² With three boys' games, 'more sacks to the mill,' and hide and seek, 'all hid,' IV. iii. and 'push-pin.'

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their faces and wearing sham hair,¹ 6. his mastery of effective situations (in the successive exposures of the King and his nobles in IV. iii.), 7. his getting fun out of mistaken identity and miscald words, so often repeated in later plays, 8. his letting quips and conceits now and then run away with him, 9. his occasional obscurity—

King. The éxtreame partes of time, extreemly formes
All causes to the purpose of his speede ;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long processe could not arbitrate.—V. ii. 721-4.

10. the freedom with which he treats even contemporary history, for he makes Henry's rival and chief foe, the Duc de Mayenne, his friend, just as if a modern playwright had made De Wet or Botha one of Lord Roberts's intimates during the Boer war, 11. the signs of youth and inexperience, in the want of a real plot, a strongly-markt leading character, and clear-cutting of the secondary ones like Dumaine and Longavill, Maria and Katharin ; in the overdoing, to tiresomeness, of the squibs and crackers of speech ; in the want of dignity in the King and nobles, who behave like overgrown schoolboys when teaching Moth his speech in V. ii. 107-118, just as Hermia and Helena quarrel like common schoolgirls in the *Dream* (III. ii. 281-343), &c., &c. 12. The play did for the Woman Question in Q. Elizabeth's day, what Tennyson's *Princess* did for it in Queen Victoria's.

The stage time of the play is two days, a Thursday and Friday, as the Princess goes back to France on Saturday (iv. i. 6).

We shall see Berowne and Rosalin develope in Benedick and Beatris in *Much Ado* ; Armado's love for Jaquenetta reproduced in Touchstone's for Audrey in *As You Like It* ; Dull in Old Gobbo in the *Merchant* ; Verges in *Much Ado*, &c., &c. Holofernes's proposal to 'play three' of the Worthies himself, besides his own part (V. i. 150) prepares us

¹ Face-painting : *Two Gent.*, II. i. 55-8 ; *Meas. for Meas.*, III. ii. 80, IV. ii. 38 ; *Hamlet*, V. i. 201 ; *Ant. and Cleop.*, I. ii. 18 ; *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 101. Sham hair : *Merchant*, III. ii. 92-6 ; *Henry V.*, III. vii. 60 ; *Sonnets*, lx. 3-8.

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for Bottom's desire to play Pyramus, a tyrant, Thisbie, and 'the Lyon too' (*Dreame*, I. ii. 26-71). We shall also see the subplay within the original play reappear in the *Dream* and *Hamlet*.

Loues Labor's lost was first publisht in quarto in 1598, and as its text is earlier, if not better¹ than that of the First Folio of 1623, which was printed from it, but divided into Acts, it has been taken as the basis of the present edition, but the first sketches of Berowne's fine speech in IV. iii. p. 45, 46, and of Rosalin's wise and admirable lecture to Berowne in V. ii. p. 76, have been shifted to the foot-notes. When every critic admits that the Quarto and Folio have both made a mess of the two speeches, it is an editor's duty to clear the mess up, and put the early and poorer stuff into his notes.

The modern reader is reminded that central *u* often stands for *v*, and initial *v* for *u*; that *I* sometimes represents *Ay*, as *then* does *than*, and *whither*, *whether*; and that initial *i* is sometimes used for *j*.

Loues Labor's lost was mentioned by both Robert Tofte² and Francis Meres in 1598.³ Jaggard put two of its pieces⁴ into his piratical *Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599; its line IV. iii. 379,

. . . Reuels, Daunses, Maskes, and merrie houres,

was quoted in *Englands Parnassus*, 1600,⁵ and its song, "On a day, alacke the day!" IV. iii. 101-120, in *Englands Helicon* (collected by John Bodenham), 1600.⁶ Sir Walter Cope tells us in 1604, that Burbage

¹ See my Forewords to Griggs's Facsimile of the First Quarto, p. iii, iv, comparing the chief differences of the two prints.

² 'The Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover,' sign. G 5 (*Allusion Books*, Part I. New Sh. Soc. p. 184; *Centurie of Praise*, p. 15).

³ '*Palladis Tamia*' 281,—*Centurie*, p. 21.

⁴ Longavill's Sonnet to Maria, "Did not the heavenly Rethorique of thine eye," IV. iii. 57-70, and Berowne's 6-measure Sonnet-Letter to Rosalin, IV. ii. 103-116, "If Loue make me forsworne," &c.

⁵ *Centurie*, p. 432.

⁶ *Centurie*, p. 438.

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"sayes ther ys no new playe that the quene [James I.'s Anne of Denmark] hath not seene, but they have Revyved an olde one Cawled *Loves Labore lost*, which for wytt & mirthe he sayes will please her exceedingly. And Thys ys apointed to be playd to Morowe night at my Lord of Sowthamptons . ."—*Centurie*, p. 62.

it was one of the "Bookes red be me [Drummond of Hawthornden] anno 1606."—*Centurie*, p. 71; and Dr. Grosart, in his 1872 edition of Robt. Southwell's Poems, contended that some lines of that writer on Christ's eyes, ab. 1594 A.D., were suggested by Berowne's speech on women's eyes in *L. L. lost*, IV. iii.: see the *Centurie*, p. 14.

The Czar; mission to Q. Elizabeth; and Lady Mary Hastings.

This Emperor . . was verie inquisitive with one Elizous Bomelius . . Doctor of phizicke in England, a rare mathematician 'magicion,' and of others, what years Quen Elizabeth was of; what likely of success *ther* might be, if he should be a shuter unto her for himself.¹ And though he was much dishartned . . for that he had two wiffes livinge . . yet he would give the assaye, and presently puts that Emperis, his last wiff, into a nunrie, to live ther as dead to the world.—*Horsey's Travels* (Hakluyt Soc.), 173-4.

p. 195-6 [1583] "Now was the Emperowr more earnest to send into England about this longe conceated match and marriage then ever: adressed one Feother Pissenopscoia, a noble, grave, wise and trustie gentilman, to conferr and desier of the Quen, the Lady Marye Hastings, daughter to that noble Henry lord Hastings, errell of Huntington, whome he hærd was her kyndswoman, and of the bloud royall, as he termed it; and that yt would please her Majesty to send som noble ambassador to treat with him aboute it. His ambassador went forward; toke shippinge at St. Nicholas; arrived in England; magnificently received; had audience of the

¹ 'It is believed that Anthony Jenkinson was, in the year 1567, intrusted by Ivan with secret orders to negotiate a marriage with Queen Elizabeth. See Hamel, p. 179 *et seq.*—E. A. Bond.

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Quen; delivered his letters comendatory. Her Majesty caused that lady to be atended one, with divers great ladies and maieds of honnor, and yonge noblemen, the number of each apointed, to be seen by the said ambassador in Yorcke Howse garden. She put one a staetly countenance accordingle. The ambassador, atended with divers other noblemen and others, was brought before her Ladyship; cast down his countenance: fell prostrate to her feett, rise, ranne backe from her, his face still towards her, she and the rest admiringe at his manner. Said by an interpritor 'yt did suffice him to behold the angell he hoped should be his masters espouse'; commended her angelicall countenance, state, and admirable bewty. She after was called by her famillier frends in court the Emperis of Muscovia." (Ivan soon after died.)

The two hundred thousand Crowns.

Charles, King of Navarre, came to Paris, to wait on the King. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependant castlewicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the castle of Cherburgh, the County of Evreux, and all the lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the King and to his successors, on condition that, with the Duchy of Nemours, the King of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our Lord.—*The Chronicles of Enguerraud de Monstrelet*, &c., translated by Thomas Johnes, Esquire, 8vo. 1810, vol. i. p. 108.

This quotation is from the *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, by Joseph Hunter, 1845, i. 256, who first pointed out the passage. He notes, on p. 257, that the King of Navarre, to whom the King of France undertook to pay the two hundred thousand crowns, died in 1425, so that Shakspeare brought the Princess downwards above two hundred years to get her into his play. Time is a trifle to dramatists. Who bothers about it in the theatre?

THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS,¹

IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ONCOMING.

(The References are generally to the 1st Speech of each Actor in each of his Scenes.
When he doesn't speak, * is put.)

FERDINAND, *King of Navar*, I.i.1, p. 5; II.i.90, p. 20; IV.iii.21, p. 41; V.ii.184, p. 61; V.ii.310, p. 65.

His Nobles:

LONGAUVILL (*a tall young Noble of Navar, the Lover of Maria*), I.i.24, p. 5; II.i.195, p. 23; IV.iii.43, p. 41; V.ii.243, 604, p. 63, 74.

DUMAINE (*a young Noble of Navar, the Lover of Katherin*), I.i.28, p. 6; II.i.192, p. 23; IV.iii.81, p. 42; V.ii.238, 390, 587, 798, p. 63, 68, 80.

BEROWNE (*an older Noble of Navar, the Lover of Rosalin*), I.i.33, p. 6; II.i.113, p. 20; III.i.127, p. 29; IV.iii.1, p. 40; V.ii.162, 315, 813, p. 60, 65, 81.

A Constable, ANTHONY DULL, I.i.179, p. 10; I.ii.109, p. 15; IV.ii.11, p. 35; V.i.127, p. 55.

COSTARD *the Clowne*, I.i.187, p. 10; I.ii.129, p. 16; III.i.62, p. 27; IV.i.42, p. 32; IV.ii.78, p. 38; IV.iii.188, p. 46; V.i.33, p. 53; V.ii.485, 656, p. 70, 76; as **POMPEY**, V.ii.541, p. 72.

ARMADO, *the Braggart (in love with Jaquenetta)*, I.ii.1, p. 13; III.i.1, p. 25; V.i.27, p. 53; V.ii.519, p. 72; V.ii.855, p. 82; as **HECTOR**, V.ii.633, p. 75.

MOTH,² *his Boy, or Page*, I.ii.3, p. 13; III.i.2, p. 25; V.i.31, p. 53; *with a speech*,³ V.ii.158, p. 60; as **HERCULES**, V.ii.579-585,* p. 74; V.ii.683, p. 77.

IAQUENETTA, *a Wench, or Mayden*, I.ii.115, p. 16; IV.ii.75, p. 38; IV.iii.187, p. 46.

The **PRINCESSE OF FRAUNCE**, (*cald the Queene*⁴ *in* II.i.13, p. 17; IV.i.1, p. 30; V.ii.1, p. 56, &c., Q & F) II.i.13, p. 17; IV.i.1, p. 30; V.ii.1, p. 56; 231, p. 63; 340, p. 66.

Her Suite:

Lord BOYET, II.i.1, p. 17; IV.i.36, p. 31; V.ii.80, p. 58.

Three (or Two) Lords, of whom one only speaks twice, II.i.39, p. 18; II.i.80, p. 19; IV.i.,* p. 30.

1st Lady, MARIA, II.i.40, p. 18; IV.i.115, p. 34; V.ii.53, 239, 809, p. 57, 63, 80

¹ This line of heading is from F, at the end of *The Merry Wives, Measure for Measure*, &c. The References to speeches are given for takerspart in Readings.

² That **MOTH** = mote (in the eye), see IV.iii.161. Some very small boy in Shakspeare's company must have playd the part: see V.i.34, 54, p. 53; 110, p. 55, &c.

³ This cannot mean that Moth brings a written Speech in his hand, for he has learnt and rehears his Speech before (see p. 58-9, l. 98, 110), and he makes severall mistakes in delivering it (see p. 60); the words must mean that he comes in to speak the Prolog.

⁴ She was not 'Queene' till the death of her Father, at the end of Act V, p. 77.

The Names of all the Actors.

2nd Lady, **KATHERIN**, II.i.56, p. 19; IV.i.* (see note to l. 103), p. 30; V.ii.12, 242, 800, p. 56, 63, 80.

3rd Lady, **ROSALIN**,[†] II.i.64, p. 19; IV.i.106, p. 34; V.ii.5, 175, 364, 817, p. 56, 67, 81.

A Forrester, IV.i.3, p. 30.

A Messenger, Mounsieur **MARCADE**, V.ii.698, p. 77.

HOLOFERNES the Pedant, IV.ii.3, p. 35; V.i.1, p. 52; with an Appologie, &c., as **IUDAS**, V. ii. 579, p. 74.

WATHANIEL the Curate, IV.ii.1, p. 35; V.i.2, p. 52; as **ALEXANDER**, V.ii.556, p. 73.

Black-moores with musicks, V.ii.157-8,* p. 60.

VER, the Spring, V.ii.869, p. 82.

HIEMS, Winter, V.ii.877, p. 83.

The Scene thru-out is in the *King of Nauars* Park, partly near his Palace, partly near the *French Princesses* tent, and partly elsewhere.

The Stage time of the Play is 2 days; probably a Thursday and Friday, if the F "On Saturday," IV.i.6, p. 31, is right. If Q's "Ore" (before) is right, the 2 days are earlier in the week.

* Sometimes **ROSALINE**, ryming with 'mine', IV.i.53-4, 102-3, p. 32, 33; V.ii. 441-2, p. 69; and 'thine', IV.iii.218-19, p. 47; V.ii.132-3, p. 59.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (**Clarendon** or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a *Quarto* reading is corrected by the First *Folio* or another *Quarto*, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q' means the First *Quarto*, 1598, from which the Play is edited. 'F' means the First *Folio* of 1623. F2, the Second *Folio* of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the e is printed ê.

A
PLEASANT

Conceited Comedie

CALLED,

Loues labors lost.

As it vvas presented before her Highnes
this laft Christmas.

Newly corrected and augmented

By W. Shakespere.

Imprinted at London by *W.W.*

for *Cutbert Burby*

1598.

PLAINT

[From the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Quarto.]

[The whole Play is in the King of Nauars Parke.]

Actus Primus. § Scena Prima.

Enter, FERDINAND, King of Nauar, BEROVNE, LONGAULL,
and DUMAINE.

Ferdinand.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lyues,
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs, in the disgrace of death;
When, spight of cormorant deuouring Time, 4
Thendeuour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heires of all eternitie.
Therefore, braue Conquerours, (for so you are, 8
That warre agaynst your owne affection,
And the hudge armie of the worldes desires,
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Nauar shall be the wonder of the worlde, 12
Our Court shalbe a lyttle Achademe,
Still and contémplytue in lyuing art.
You three, *Beroune*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue sworne, for three yeeres tearme, to liue with me, 16
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this fedule here.
Your othes are past; and now subscribe your names,
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe, 20
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are armd to do, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe othes, and keepe it too. 23
Longauill. I am resolued! tis but a three* yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine. [Signs.
Fat paunches haue leane pates; and daynty bits
Make rich the ribbes, but bankerout† quite the wits. 27

§ *Actus Primus*] F. Q om.
23. too] to Q, F.

| *24. three] F. thee Q.
| †27. bankerout] F. banerout Q.
I B [L i. 1-27.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Dumaine. My louing Lord! *Dumaine* is mortefied. 28
 The groſſer manner of theſe worldes delygths,
 He throwes vppon the groſſe worlds baſer ſlaues.
 To loue, to wealth, to pompe*, I pine and die; [*Signs*] 31
 With all theſe [*points to FER., B., L.*] lyuing in Philoſophie.
Berowne. I can but ſay their proteſtation ouer:
 So much, deare Liedge, I haue already ſworne,
 That is, to lyue and ſtudy heere three yeeres.
 But there are other ſtrickt obſeruances: 36
 As, not to ſee a woman in that terme,
 (Which I hope well is not enrollèd there;)
 And one day in a weeke to touch no foode,
 And but one meale on euery day beſide, 40
 (The which I hope is not enrollèd there.)
 And then to ſleepe but three houres in the nyght, 42
 And not be ſeene to wincke of all the day,—
 When I was wont to thinke no harme all nyght,
 And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day,— 45
 (Which I hope well is not enrollèd there.)
 O! theſe are barraine taſkes; too hard to keepe!
 Not to ſee Ladyes, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleepe! 48
Ferd. Your othe is paſt, to paſſe away from theſe.
Berow. Let me ſay ‘No,’ my liedge, and yf you pleaſe. 50
 I onely ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
 And ſtay heere in your Court, for three yeeres ſpace. 52
Longa. You ſwore to that, *Berowne*, and to the reſt.
Bero. By yea and nay, ſir, than I ſwore in ieſt. 54
 What is the ende of ſtudy? let me know.
Ferd. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.
Ber. Things hid & bard† (you meane) from common†
Ferd. I, that is ſtudies god-like recompence. 58 [*ſenſe.*]
Bero. Com on then! I will ſweare to ſtudy ſo,
 To know the thing I am forbid to know: 60
 As thus: to ſtudy where I well may dine, 61
 When I to feaſt, expreſſely am forbid;
 Or ſtудie where to meete ſome Miſtris fine,
 When Miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid. 64

*31. *pompe*] F. pome Q.

†57. *bard*; *common*] F. bard;

| cammon Q.

62. *feast*] Theobald. faſt Q, F.
 I. i. 28-64.] 2

called Loues Labor's lost.

Or, hauing sworne too hard a keeping oth,
 Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth. 66
 If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
 Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know :
 Swear me to this ; and I will nere say 'no.' 69
Ferd. These be the stopps that hinder studie quite*, 70
 And traine our intelects to vaine delight. [*quite F. quit Q.]
Bero. Why ! all delights are vaine ; but that most vaine,
 Which, with payne purchas'd, doth inherite payne ; 73
 As, paynefully to poare vpon a Booke, 74
 To seeke the lyght of Trueth, while Trueth the whyle
 Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke :
 Light seeking light, doth light of light beguyle : 77
 So, ere you finde where light in darknes lyes,
 Your light growes darke, by loosing of your eyes. 79
 Studie me how to please the eye in deede, 80
 By fixing it vpon a fayrer eye,
 Who, dazling so, that eye shalbe his heed,
 And giue him light, that it was blinded by, 83
 Studie is lyke the heauens glorious Sunne, 84
 That will not be deepe-searcht with sawcie lookes :
 Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
 Saue base aucthoritie, from others Bookes, 87
 These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights, 88
 That giue a name to euery fixèd Starre,
 Haue no more profite of their shyning nights,
 Then those that walke, and wot not what they are. 91
 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame ;
 And euery Godfather can giue a name. 93
Ferd. How well hees read, to reason against reading !
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding ! 95
Lon. He weedes the corne, & still lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is neare, when greene geese are a breed-
Duma. How followes that ? [ing. 97
Ber. Fit in his place and tyme.
Duma. In reason, nothing.
Bero. Something then in rime. 99
Ferd. *Berowne* is like an enuious sneaping Frost, 100
 That bites the first-borne infants of the Spring.
Bero. Well, say I am ! why should proude Sommer boast.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Before the Birdes haue any cause to sing? 103
 Why should I ioy in any abhorthiue byrth?
 At Christmas, I no more desire a Rose,
 Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes;
 But like of each thing that in season growes. 107
 So you, to studie now it is too late,
 Clymbe ore the house, to vnlocke the little gate. 109
Ferd. Well, sit you out! go home, *Berowne*! adue!
Bero. No, my good Lord! I haue sworne to stay with
 And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more, [you.
 Then for that Angell knowledge you can say, 113
 Yet, confident, Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
 And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day. 115
 Giue me the paper! let me reade the fame!
 And to the strictt decrees Ile write my name. 117
Ferd. How well this yeelding rescuees thee from shame!
Ber. [reads] 'Item, That no woman shall come within a
 myle of my Court.' Hath this bin proclaymed? 120
Long. Foure dayes ago. [her tung.
Ber. Lets see the penaltie: [Reads] 'On payne of loosing
 Who deuif'd this penaltie? 123
Long. Marrie, that did I.
Bero. Sweete Lord, and why? 125
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie.
Ber. A dangerous law against gentiletie!* [Reads] 127
 'Item, Yf any man be seene to talke with a woman within
 the tearme of three yeeres, he shall indure such publique shame
 as the rest of the Court can possibly† deuise.' 130
 This Article, my liedge, your selfe must breake, 131
 For, well you know, here comes in Embassaie
 The French kinges daughter, with your selfe to speake,
 (A Maide of grace and cōplet maiestie,) 134
 About surrender vp of *Aquitaine* 135
 To her decrepit, sicke, and bedred Father.
 Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
 Or vainely comes th' admired Princeesse hither. 138

106. *showes*] Q, F. *mirth* (to | *127. *gentilitie*] F. gentletie Q.
 ryme with *byrth*) S. Walker conj. | †130. *possibly*] F. possible Q.
 117. *strictt*] strictest Q, F. | 131. *This*] Q, F have *Ber.* before it.
 I. i. 103-138.] 4

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

- Ferd.* What say you, Lordes? why, this was quite forgot!
- Ber.* So Studie euermore is ouershot: 140
- While it doth studie to haue what it would,
- It doth forget to do the thing it should; 142
- And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
- Tis won, as townes with fire: so won, so lost. 144
- Fer.* We must of force dispence with this Decree;
- Shée must lie heere, on meere necessitie. 146
- Ber.* 'Necessitie' will make vs all forsworne 147
- Three thousand times within this three yeeres space;
- For euery man with his affectes is borne,
- Not by might maistred, but by speciall grace. 150
- If I breake fayth, this word shall speake for me,
- I am forsworne on meere 'necessitie.' 152
- So to the Lawes at large I write my name; [Signs.
- And he that breakes them in the least degree,
- Standes in attainer of eternall shame.
- Suggestions are to other, as to me: 156
- But I beleue, although I seeme so loth,
- I am the last that will last keepe his oth. 158
- But is there no quicke recreation graunted?
- Ferd.* I, that there is. Our Court, you know, is haunted
- With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*;
- A man, in all the worldes new fashion planted,
- That hath a mint of phrascs in his braine: 163
- One * who the musique of his owne vaine tongue 164
- Doth rauish like inchannting harmonie:
- A man of complements, whom right and wrong
- Haue chose as vmpier of their mutenie. 167
- This childe of Fancie, that *Armado* hight, 168
- For interim to our studies, shall relate,
- In high-borne wordes, the worth of many a Knight
- From tawnie *Spaine*, lost in the worldes debate. 171
- How you delight, my Lords, I know not, I,
- But (I protest) I loue to heare him lie,
- And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie. 174
- Bero.* *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
- A man of fier-new wordes, Fashions owne knight. 176

*164. *One* F. On [= one] Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Lon. Costard the swaine, and he, shalbe our sport;
And so to studie three yeeres, is but short. 178

*Enter a Constable, ANTHONY DULL, with a letter, and with
COSTARD the Clowne.*

Constab. Which is the Dukes owne person?

Ber. This, fellow! What would'st? 180

Const. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his
graces Farborough¹: But I would see his owne person in
flesh and blood. 183

Ber. This is he!

Const. Signeour *Arme, Arme*, commendes you: Ther's vil-
lanie abroad! this letter will tell you more. 186

Clowne. Sir, the Contempts* thereof are as touching me.
Fer. A letter from the magnifiscent *Armado!* [words. 195

Bero. How low so euer the matter, I hope in God for high

Lon. A high hope for a low heauen: God grant vs patience!

Ber. To heare? or forbear hearing? 191

Lon. To heare meekely, fir, and to laugh moderatly; or
to forbear both.

Bero. Well, fir! be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to
clime, in the merrines. 195

Clow. The matter is to me, fir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*:
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bero. In what 'manner'? 198

Clow. In manner and forme folowing, fir: all those three:
I was seene with her in the Manner-houfe, sitting with her
vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke:
which, put togeather, is in manner and forme following.
Now, fir, for the 'manner'. It is the manner of a man to
speake to a woman. For the 'forme': in some forme.

Ber. For the 'following,' fir. [the right! 199

Clow. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend
Ferd. Will you heare this Letter with attention? 207

Bero. As we would heare an Oracle. [flesh. 208

Clow. Such is the simplicitie of man, to harken after the

178-9. with . . . *Costard*] with ough F. (Cp. Gobbo's *philhorse* for
Costard with a letter Q. F. th . .).

¹ 182. *Farborough*] Q. Tharbor- *187. *Contempts*] F. *Contempts* Q.
I. i. 177-209.] 6

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Ferd. [reads] *G*reat Deputie, the *Welkins** *Vizgerent*, and
sole dominatur of *Nauar*! my *soules earthes*
God, and *bodies foftring patrone*! 212

(*Cost.* Not a worde of *Costard* yet.)

Ferd. [reads] So it is . . .

(*Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling
true, but so. 216

Ferd. Peace!

Clow. Be to me, and euerie man that dares not fight!

Ferd. No wordes!

Clow. Of other mens secrets, I beseech you.) 220

Ferd. [reads] So it is, besedged with fable-coloured melan-
cholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour, to the
most holosome phisicke of thy health-geuing ayre; And, as I am
a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When?
about the sixt houre, When Beastes most graze, Birdes best
peck, and Men sit downe to that nourishment which is called
'Supper': So much for the time When. Now for the ground
Which? which, I meane, I walkt vpon: it is ycliped Thy
Park. Then, for the place Where? where, I meane, I did [229
incounter that obseene & most propostrous euent, that draweth
from my snowwhite pen the ebon-coloured Incke, which here thou
viewest, beholdest, suruayest, or seest. But, to the place Where?
It standeth North North-east & by East, from the West corner
of thy curious knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited
Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (*Clowne.* Mee!) that
vnlettered smal-knowing soule, (*Clow.* Mee!) that shallow
vassall (*Clown.* Still mee!) which as I remember, hight *Costard*,
(*Clow.* O, mee!) sorted and confortd, contrary to thy estab-
lished proclaymed Edict, and continent Cannon: Which with,—
O! with,—but with this I passion to say wherewith: 240

(*Clo.* With a Wench.)

Ferd. [reads] With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a
female; or, for thy more sweete vnderstanding, a Woman.
Him, I (as my euer-esteemed duetie prickes me on,) haue sent to
thee, to receiue the meede of punishment, by thy sweete *Graces*
Officer,† *Anthonie Dull*, a man of good reput, carriage,
bearing, and estimation. 247

*210. *Welkins*] F. welkis Q.

†246 *Officer*] F. Gfficer Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

(*Antho.* Me, ant shall please you ! I am *Anthony Dull* !) 248
Ferd. [*reads*] For *Iaquenetta*, (*So is the weaker vessel called,*)
vvhich I apprehended vvith the aforefayd Svvaïne, I keepe hir as
a vessel of thy Lavves furie, and shall, at the least of thy
svveete notice, bring hir to tryall. Thine, in all complements of
deuoted and hartburning heate of duetie. 253

Don Adriano de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that
 euer I heard. [this ?]

Fer. I, the best, for the worst*. But, *firra* ! What say you to

Clo. Sir, I confesse the Wench. 258

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation ? [marking of it.]

Clo. I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the

Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres imprisonment, to be taken
 vvith a Wench. 262

Clo. I was taken with none, fir ; I was taken with a Demsel.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed 'Damsel.' 264

Clo. This was no Damsel neither, fir ; she was a Virgin.

Ber. It is so varried too ; for it was proclaimed 'Virgin.'

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie : I was taken with a

Fer. This 'Maide' will not serue your turne, fir. [Maide.]

Clo.† This 'Maide' will serue my turne, fir. 269

Fer. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence : You shall fast a
 weeke, with Branne and Water.

Clo. I had rather pray a month, with Mutton & Porridge.

Fer. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper. 273

¶*My Lord Berouune*, see him deliuered ore !

¶*And goe we, Lordes*, to put in practise, that 275

Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

[*Exeunt King FERD., LONGAULL, & DUMAINE.*]

Bero. Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,

These othes and lawes will proue an idle scorne. 278

[*To Clo.*] *Surra*, Come on !

Clo. I suffer for the trueth, fir : for true it is, I was taken with
Iaquenetta, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle ; and therefore, wel-
 come the sower Cup of prosperitie ! Affliccion‡ may one day
 smile againe ; and till then, sit thee downe, sorrow ! [*Exeunt.* 283]

*251. *worst* F. worst Q.

266. *too* to Q, F.

†269. *Clo.* F. Col. Q.

I. i. 248-283.]

‡282. *prosperitie* ! Affliccion]
 prosperitie, affliction F. prosperie,
 affliction Q.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

Enter ARMADO, and MOTH his page.

Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirite growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe, fir, that he will looke fadd. 3

Ar. Why? sadnes is one & the selfe same thing, deare imp.

Boy. No, no! O, Lord, fir, no! 5

Arm. How canst thou part sadnes and melancholy, my tender Iuuenall? 7

Boy. By a familier demonstration of the working, my tough signeor.

Arma. Why 'tough signeor'? Why 'tough signeor'? 10

Boy. Why 'tender iuuenall'? Why 'tender iuuenall'?

Arm. I spoke it, 'tender iuuenal', as a congruent apethaton appertaining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate 'tender'. 14

Boy. And I, 'tough signeor', as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name 'tough'.

Arma. Prettie and apt. 17

Boy. How meane you, fir? I 'prettie', and my saying 'apt'? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Arma. Thou 'prettie', because little. 20

Boy. Little prettie, because little: wherefore 'apt'?

Arma. And therfore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise, Maister?

Arma. In thy condigne praise. 24

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Arma. What? that an Eele is ingenious?

Boy. That an Eele is quicke. [my blood.

Arma. I do say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heatst

Boy. I am answerd, fir. 29

Arma. I loue not to be croft. [not him.

Boy. [*Aside*] He speakes the meer contrarie; crosses loue

Ar. I haue promised to studie three yeeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may do it in an houre, fir. 33

Arma. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Arm. I am ill at reckning; it fitteth the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gamster, fir. 37

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Arma. I confesse both; they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-face amountes to. 41

Arm. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar do call 'three'.

Arma. True. 44

Boy. Why, sir, is this such a peece of studie? Now heere is 'three' studied, ere yele thrice wincke: and how easie it is to put 'yeeres' to the worde 'three', and studie three yeeres in two wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you 48

Arm. A most fine Figure!

Boy. [*aside*] To proue you a Cypher. 50

Arm. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue, so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ranfome him to anie French Courtier for a new-deuifed curse. I thinke scorne to figh; mee thinks I should outswear *Cupid*. Comfort mee, Boy! What great men haue bin in loue? 58

Boy. *Hercules*, Maister.

Arm. Most sweete *Hercules*! more authoritie, deare Boy, name more; and, sweete my childe, let them be men of good repute and carriage! 62

Boy. *Sampson*, Maister: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue. 65

Arm. O wel knit *Sampson*! strong ioyned *Sampson*! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue, my deare Moth? 69

Boy. A Woman, Maister.

Arm. Of what complexion?

[the foure.

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion. 73

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read, sir; and the best of thsm, too. 76

Arm. Greene, in deede, is the colour of Louers; but to

called Loues Labor's lost.

haue a loue of that colour, mee thinkes *Sampson* had small
reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit. 79

Boy. It was so, fir; for she had a greene wit.

Arm. My loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most maculate thoughts, Maister, are maskt vnder
such colours. 83

Ar. Define, define, well educated infant!

Boy. My fathers wit, and my mothers tongue, assist me!

Ar. Sweet inuocation of a child! most pretty & pathological!

Boy. *If she be made of white and red,* 87

Her faultes will nere be knowne:

For blushing cheekes by faultes are bred, [blush-in. Q. F.]

And feares by pale white showne: 90

Then if she feare, or be to blame, 91

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse the same,

Which, natieue, she doth owe. 94

A dangerous rime, Maister, against the reason of white and red.

Ar. Is there not a Ballet, Boy, of 'the King & the Begger'?

Boy. The worlde was very guiltie of such a Ballet some
three ages since; but I thinke now tis not to be found: or,
if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Ar. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may
example my digresion by some mightie presedent. Boy, I
do loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with
the rational hinde *Costard*: she deserues well. [maister.]

Boy. [aside] To be whipt: and yet a better loue then my

Ar. Sing, Boy! My spirit growes heauie in loue.

Boy. [aside] And thats great maruaile, louing a light

Ar. I say, sing! [Wench.]

Boy. Forbeare till this companie be past. 108

Enter Clowne (COSTARD), Constable (DULL), and Wench
(or Maide LAQUENETTA).

Constab. Sir, the Dukes pleasure is, that you keepe *Costard*
safe; and you must suffer him to take no delight, nor no pen-
ance; but a' must fast three dayes a weeke. For this Damfell,
I must keepe her at the Parke: she is alowde for the Day-
woman.* Fare you well! 113

*113. *Day-woman*] F. Day-womand Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Ar. [*aside*] I do betray my selfe with blushing. ¶ *Maide!*
Maide. Man!

Ar. I will vifit thee at the Lodge. 116

Maid. Thats hereby.

Ar. I know where it is situate.

Ma. Lord! how wise you are!

Ar. I will tell thee wonders. 120

Ma. With that face?

Ar. I loue thee!

Ma. So I heard you fay.

Ar. And fo, farewell! 124

Ma. Faire weather after you!

Const. Come, *Iaquenetta!* away! 126

[*Exeunt DULL & IAQUENETTA.*

Ar. Villaine! thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned. [full stomacke.]

Clo. Well, fir, I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a

Ar. Thou shalt be heauely punished. 130

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Ar. Take away this villaine! shut him vp!

Boy. Come, you transgresfing slaue! away! 134

Clo. Let me not be pent vp, fir! I will fast, being loofe.

Boy. No, fir! that were 'fast and loofe': thou shalt to prifon.

Clo. Well, if euer I do fee the merry dayes of defolation that I haue feene, fome shall fee. . . . 138

Boy. What shall fome fee?

Clo. Nay, nothing, *Mafter Moth*, but what they looke vppon. It is not for prifoners to be too filent in their wordes; and therfore I will fay nothing: I thanke God I haue as litle patience as an other man; & therfore I can be quiet. 143

[*Exeunt MOTH & COSTARD.*

Arm. I do affect the verie ground (which is bafe), where her shoo (which is bafest), guided by her foote (which is bafest), doth tread. I shall be forfworne (which is a great argument of falfehood,) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falſely attempted? Loue is a familiar; [148 Loue is a Diuell; there is no euill angel but Loue. Yet was

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Sampson so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced; and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* Butthast is too hard for *Hercules* Clubb; and therefore too much oddes for a *Spaniards* Rapier. The first and second [153 cause will not serue my turne; the *Paffado* he respects not; the *Duello** he regards not; his disgrace is to be called 'Boy'; but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue, Valoure! rust, Rapier! be still, Drum! for your manager is in loue! yea, he loueth! Assist me, some extemporall God of Rime! for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise, Wit! write, Pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit. 160

† *Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

Enter the Princeesse of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies (*MARIA, KATHERIN, ROSALIN*), and three Lordes (one *BOYET*).

Boyet. Now, Maddame, summon vp your dearest spirrits!
Consider ‡ who the King your father fendes,
To whom he fendes, and what's his Embassie:
Your selfe, helde precious in the worldes esteeme, 4
To parlee with the sole inheritoure
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchles *Nauar*; the plea, of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene. 8
Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you. 12

Princesse. Good Lord *Boyet*, my beautie, though but meane,
Needes not the painted florish of your prayse:
Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues: 16
I am lesse proude to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your Wit in the prayse of mine.
But now to taske the tasker: good *Boyet*, 20

*155. *Duello*] F. Duella Q.
† *Actus Secundus*] *Actus Secunda*
F. Q om.

‡2. *Consider*] F. Cosider Q.
13. *Princesse*] Queene Q.

A pleasant concerted Comedie :

You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noyse abroad, *Nauar* hath made a Vow,
 Till painefull studie shall outweare three yeeres,
 No Woman may approach his silent Court : 24
 Therefore, to's seemeth it a needfull courſe,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleaſure ; and in that behalfe,
 Bold of your worthines, we ſingle you, 28
 As our beſt mouing faire folciter :
 Tell him, ' the Daughter of the King of *France*,
 On ſerious buſines crauing quicke diſpatch,
 Impörtunes* perſonall conference with his Grace.' 32
 Haſte ! ſignifie ſo much ; while we attende,
 Like humble-viſag'd † Suters, his high will.
Boy. Proud of employement, willingly I go. [Exit Boy.
Prince. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo. 36
 ¶ Who are the Votaries, my louing Lordes,
 That are vowfellowes with this vertuous Duke ?
A Lord. *Lord Longauill* is one.
Princ. Know you the man ? 39
 1. *Lady, Maria.* I know him, Maddame ! at a marriage
 Betweene *Lord Perigort* and the bewtious heire [fealt,
 Of *Iaques Fauconbridge*, ſolémnizèd 42
 In *Normandie*, ſaw I this *Longauill* :
 A man of ſoueraigne parts, peereleſſe ‡ he is eſteemd ; 44
 Well fitted in artes, glorious in armes ;
 Nothing becoms him ill, that he would well.
 The onely ſoyle of his fayre vertues gloſe,
 (If vertues gloſe will ſtaine with any ſoyle,) 48
 Is a ſharpe Wit, (matcht with too blunt a Will,)
 Whoſe edge hath power to cut ; whoſe will ſtill wils
 It ſhould none ſpare, that come within his power. 51
Prin. Some merrie mocking Lord belike : iſt ſo ? [know.
 1 *Lady, Maria.* They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humors
Prin. Such ſhort-lined wits do wither as they grow. 54

*32. *Importunes*] F. Import- | Lord Capell. Lor. Q. F.
 tuous Q. | ‡44. *soueraigne parts*, peere-
 †34. *visag'd*] F. viſage Q. | leſſe] ſoueraigne parts F. soue-
 39. *A Lord. Lord*] First Lord. | raigne peereleſſe Q.
 II. i. 21-54.] 14

called Loues Labor's lost.

Who are the rest?

[plisht youth,

2. *Lady, Katherin.* The young *Dumaine*, a well accom-
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued :
Most power to do most harme, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit. 60
I saw him at the Duke *Alansones* once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthines. 63

3. *Lady, Rosalin.* An other of these Studentes, at that time
Was there with him, if I haue heard a trueth :
'*Berowne*' they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall. 68
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiekt that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-moouing iest,
Which his fayre tongue (*Conceites* expofiter,) 72
Deliuers in fuch apt and gracious wordes,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And younger hearinges are quite rauifhed;
So sweete and voluble is his difcourfe. 76

Prin. God bleffe my Ladyes! are they all in loue,
That euery one, her owne hath garnifhed
With fuch bedeking ornaments of praife?

Lord. Heere comes *Boyet*.

[*Re-enter* *BOYET*.

Prin. Now, What admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Nauar* had notice of your faire approach; 81
And he, and his competitours in oth,
Were all addrest to meete you, gentle Lady,
Before I came. Marrie, thus much I haue learnt: 84
He rather meanes to lodge you in the feelde,
(Like one that comes heere to befiedge his Court,)
Then feeke a difpensation for his oth,
To let you enter his vnpeopled* house. 88
Heere comes *Nauar*.

[*The 3 Ladies maske*.¹

61. *Alansones*] *Alanson's* Rowe.
Alansoes Q (but *Alanson*, II. i.
195).

*88. *vnpeopled*] F. *vnpeeled* Q.

89. Q puts '*Enter*', &c., and *Bo*.
before '*Heere*'.

¹ See l. 123, 192, 195, 207.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Enter NAUAR, LONGAUVILL, DUMAINE, & BEROWNE.

Nauar. Faire Princeſſe! Welcome to the court of *Nauar!*
Prin. 'Faire', I giue you backe againe; and 'welcome' I
haue not yet: the rooſe of this 'Court' is too high to be yours;
and 'welcome' to the wide fieldes, too baſe to be mine. 93
Nau. You ſhalbe welcome, Madame, to my Court.
Prin. I wilbe welcome, then. Conduct me thither!
Nau. Heare me, deare Lady; I haue ſworne an oth. 96
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord! he'le be forſworne.
Nau. Not for the worlde, faire Madame, by my will. 98
Prin. Why, 'will' ſhall breake it; 'will', and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladishyp is ignoraunt what it is. 100
Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignoraunce were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath ſworne out Houſkeeping:
Tis deadlie finne to keepe that oath, my Lord, 104
And ſin to breake it.
But pardon me, I am too fodaine bold:
To teach a teacher, ill beſeemeth mee.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming, [*Hands him a*
And fodainelie reſolue mee in my ſuite. *Paper.*
Nau. Madame, I will; if fodainelie I may. [*Retires reading.*
Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were awaie;
For youle proue periurde, if you make me ſtaie. 112
Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
*Rofa.** Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
*Rofa.** How needles was it then to aſke the queſtion! 116
Ber. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
*Rofa.** Tis long of you, that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot; it ſpeedes too faſt; twill tire.
*Rofa.** Not till it leaue the rider in the mire. 120
Ber. What time a day?
*Rofa.** The houre, that fooles ſhould aſke.
Ber. Now faire befall your maſke! 123
*Rofa.** Faire fall the face it couers!

*114, &c. *Rosa*] F. Kather Q, 114. Kath. Q, 116, 118, 120, 122,
124, 126.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

<i>Ber.</i> And send you manie louers !	125
<i>Rofa.*</i> Amen ! so you be none.	
<i>Ber.</i> Nay, then will I be gon.	127
<i>Ferd.</i> Madame ! your Father heere doth intimate	128
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,	
Being but the one halfe of † an intire summe	
Disburied by my father in his warres.	
But say that he, or we, (as neither haue,)	132
Receiud that summe, yet there remaines vnpaide	
A hundred thousand more ; in suretie of the which,	
One part of <i>Aquitaine</i> is bound to vs,	
Although not valued to the monies worth.	136
If, then, the King your father, will restore	
But that one halfe which is vnſatisfied,	
We will giue vp our right in <i>Aquitaine</i> ,	
And holde faire friendship‡ with his Maieſtie.	140
But that, it ſeemes, he little purpoſeth ;	
For here he doth demaund§ to haue repaide,	
A hundred thousand Crownes ; and not demaunds,	
On paiement of a hundred thousand Crownes,	144
To haue his title liue in <i>Aquitaine</i> ;	
Which we much rather had depart withall,	
And haue the money by our father lent,	
Then <i>Aquitaine</i> , ſo guelded as it is.	148
Deare Princeſſe ! were not his requeſtes ſo farr	
From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make	
A yeelding, gainſt ſome reaſon in my breaſt,	
And go well ſatisfied to <i>France</i> againe.	152
<i>Prin.</i> You do the King, my father, too much wrong,	
And wrong the reputation of your name,	
In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe receipt	
Of that, which hath ſo faithfully been repaide.	156
<i>Ferd.</i> I do proteſt I neuer heard of it :	
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,	
Or yeelde vp <i>Aquitaine</i> .	
<i>Princ.</i> We arreſt your worde.	159

†130. of] F. of, of Q.

‡140. friendship] F. faiendship Q.

§142. demaund] demand F. pe-

maund Q (turnd d).

144. On] Theobald. One (= on)

Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

¶ *Boyet* ! you can produce acquittances 160
For such a summe, from speciall* officers
Of *Charles* his father.

Ferd. Satisfie mee so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound : 164
To morrow, you shall haue a sight of them.

Ferd. It shall suffice me ; at which enteruiew,
All liberall reason I will yeelde vnto. 167

Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,
As honor (without breach of honor,) may
Make tender of, to thy true worthines !

You may not come (faire Princeesse,) within my gates ;
But here without, you shalbe so receiue, 172

As you shall deeme your selfe lodgd in my hart,
Though so denide faire harbour in my house.

Your owne good thoughtes excuse me, and farewell !
To-morow shall we visite you againe. 176

Pri. Sweete health, and faire desires, comfort your grace !

Na. Thy owne with, wish I thee in euery place ! [*Exit.* 178

BEROWNE comes forward.

Ber. [*to Ros.*] Ladie ! I will commend you to myn owne† [hart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be glad to

Ber. I would you heard it grone. [see it.

Ros. Is the foole sicke ? 182

Ber. Sicke at the hart.

Ros. Alacke ! let it blood.

Ber. Would that do it good ? 185

Ros. My Phisicke faies ' I '.

Ber. Will you prick't with your eye ? 187

Ros. No poynt, with my knife.

Ber. Now, God saue thy life ! 189

Ros. And yours from long liuing !

Ber. I cannot stay thanks giuing. [Exit. 191

*161. *speciall*] F. *speciall* Q.

171. *within*] Q. in F (but 'faire
Princeesse' is 1 measure ; and *with-*
in matches better 'without,' 172).

II. i. 160-191.]

†179. *myn owne*] my owne F.

my none Q.

185. *Ber.*] Bar. Q. Boy. F.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

DUMAINE comes forward.

Dum. [to **BOYET**] Sir, I pray you a word! What Ladie is that fame? [Points to **KATHERIN**.]

Boyet. The heire of *Alanfon*; **Katherin** her name. 193

Dum. A gallant Lady! *Mounfir*, fare you wel! [Exit.]

LONGAUIL comes forward.

Longaueill. [to **BOYET**] I beseech you a word! What is she in the white? [Points to **MARIA**.] 195

Boyet. A woman sometimes, and you saw her in the light.

Lon. Perchance 'light' in the light. I desire her name.

Bo. She hath but one for her selfe; to desire that, were a

Lon. Pray you, fir, Whose daughter? [shame.]

Bo. Her mothers, I haue heard.

Lon. Gods blessing on your beard! 201

Bo. Good fir, be not offended!

She is an heire of *Falconbridge*.

Lon. Nay, my collar is ended. 204

She is a most sweet Ladie!

Bo. Not vnlike, fir, that may be. [Exit LONGAUIL. 206]

Re-enter BEROWNE. [the capp?]

Bero. [to **BOYET**, & pointing to **ROS**.] Whats her name in

Boy. **Rosalin**, by good happ. 208

Ber. Is she wedded, or no?

Boy. To her will, fir, or so. 210

Ber. O, you are welcome, fir! adew!

Boy. Farewell to me, fir, and welcome to you! 212

[Exit BERO. The 3 Ladies vnmaske.]

Lady Maria. That last is *Berowne*, the merrie madcap Lord: Not a word with him, but a iest.

Boy. And euery iest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord. 216

Lady Ka. Two hot Sheepes, marie.

Bo. And wherefore not 'Shippis'? 217

top. *Dumaine*] Enter Dumaine Q. | 208. *Rosalin*] Singer (Anon. N.
193. *Katherin*] Singer (Capell & Q. conj.). Katherin Q, F.
conj.). Rosalin Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

No Sheepe, (sweete Lambe,) vnlesse we feede on your lippes.

La. K. You Sheepe, and I pasture : shall that finish the iest ?

Bo. So you graunt pasture for me. [*Tries to kiss her.*

La. Kath. Not so, gentle Beast!

My lippes are no Common, though feuerall they be. 221

Bo. Belonging to whom ?

La. Kath. To my fortunes and mee.

Prin. Good witts will be iangling ; but, gentles, agree ! 223

This ciuill warre of wittes were much better vsed

On *Nauar* and his Bookmen ; for heere tis abused. 225

Bo. If my obseruation, (which very seldome lyes,)

By the hartes still rethoricke, disclofed with eyes, 227

Deceau me not now, *Nauar* is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Bo. With that which we Louers intitle 'Affected'. 230

Prin. Your reason ?

Bo. Why, all his behauiours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desier ; 233

His hart, like an Agot, with your print impressed,

Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed ; 235

His tongue, all impacient to speake and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his ey-sight to bee ; 237

All fences, to that fence did make their repaire,

To feele only looking on fairest of faire : 239

Mee thought all his senses were lokt in his eye,

As Jewels in Christall, for some Prince to buy : 241

Who, tendring their owne worth from where they were glast,

Did poynt you to buy them, along as you past. 243

His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes inchaunted with gazes. 245

Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,

And you giue him, for my sake, but one louing kisse. 247

Prin. Come, to our Pauilion ! *Boyet* is disposde. . .

Bo. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclofd.

I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie. 251

Lad. 1. Maria. Thou art an old Loue-monger, & speakest

skilfully. 253

252. *Lad. 1. Maria*] *Lad. Q. Lad. Ro. F.*

II. i. 218-252.]

20

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Lad. 2. Kath. He is *Cupids* Graundfather, and learnes newes of him.

Lad. 3. Ros. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim. 254

Boy. Do you heare, my mad Wenches?

Lad. 1. Maria.* No.

Boy. What then, do you fee?

Lad. 2†. Kath. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for mee. 256

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Actus Tertius. § Scena Prima.

Enter BRAGGART (*ARMADO*), and his Boy.

Bra. Warble, child! make paffionate my fenfe of hearing.

Boy. [*Sings*] *Concolinel.* 2

Brag. Sweete Ayer! go, tendernes of yeeres! take this Key; giue enlargement to the Swaine; bring him feftinatly hither! I muft imploy him in a letter to my loue. 5

Boy. Maifter, will you win your loue with a *French* braule?

Brag. How meanest thou? brawling in *French*? 7

Boy. No, my complet Maifter! but to ligge off a tune at the tongues ende, canarie to it with your feete, humour it with turning vp your eylids, sigh a note and fing a note, fometime through the throate, (as if you fwallowed loue with fing- ing loue,) sometime through the nose, (as if you snufft vp loue by fmelling loue;) with your hat penthouse-like ore the shop of your eyes; with your armes crost on your thinbellies doblet, (like a Rabbet on a spit;) or your handes in your pocket, (like a man after the olde painting;) and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complementes, these are humours; these betraie nice wenches, (that would be betraied without these;) and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these. 20

253. *Lad. 2. Kath.*] *Lad. 2. Q.*
Lad. Ma. F.

254. *Lad. 3. Ros.*] *Lad. 3. Q.*
Lad. 2. F.

*255. *Lad. 1. Maria*] *Lad. Q.*
La. 1. F.

†256. *Lad. 2. Kath.*] *Lad. Q.*
Lad. 2. F.

§ *Actus Tertius*] *F. Q. om.*

11. *as if*] *Theobald. if Q. F.*

12. *the nose*] *F2. nose Q. F.*

‡*snuff*] *snuft F. snuffe Q.*

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

- Brag.* How hast thou purchased this experience? 21
Boy. By my pennie of obseruation.
Brag. But o, but o,
Boy. 'The Hobbie-horse is forgot.' 24
Brag. Calst thou my loue 'Hobbi-horse' ?
Boy. No, Maister! the 'Hobbi-horse' is but a colt, and your
 loue perhaps, a hacknie. But haue you 'forgot' your Loue?
Brag. Almost I had. 28
Boy. Negligent student! learne her by hart.
Brag. 'By hart,' and in hart, boy.
Boy. And out of hart, Maister! all those three I will proue.
Brag. What wilt thou proue? 32
Boy. A man, if I liue; and this, by, in, and without, vpon
 the instant: 'by' hart you loue her, because your hart cannot
 come by her; 'in' hart you loue her, because your hart is in
 loue with her; and 'out of' hart you loue her, being out of
 hart that you cannot enioy her. 37
Brag. I am all these three.
Boy. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.
Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine! he must carrie me a letter.
Boy. A message well simpathifd! a Horse to be embassa-
 doure for an Ass! 42
Brag. Ha, ha! What saiest thou?
Boy. Marrie, sir, you must send the Ass vpon the Horse,
 for he is verie flow-gated: but I go. 45
Brag. The way is but short; away!
Boy. As swift as Lead, sir!
Brag. The meaning, prettie ingenius? 48
 Is not 'Lead' a mettall, heauie, dull, and slow?
Boy. Minnimè, honest Maister; or rather, Maister, no!
Brag. I say, Lead is flow.
Boy. You are too swift, sir, to say so.
 Is that Lead slow, which is fierd from a Gunne? 52
Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike!
 He reputes me a Cannon; and the Bullet, thats hee:
 I shoote thee at the Swaine.
Boy. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.* 55
Brag. A most acute Iuuenall! volable, and free of grace!

22. *pennie*] *penny* Hammer. penne Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

[*Looks skyward*] By thy fauour, sweete Welkin, I must figh
in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place. 58
My Herald is returnd.

Enter Page (*MOTH*), and Clowne (*COSTARD*).

Page. A wonder, Maister! Heers a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle! Come, thy *Lenuoy*! begin!

Clo. No 'egma', no 'riddle', no *lenuoy*! no *salue* in the
male, fir! O fir, Plantan, a plaine* Plantan! no *lenuoy*, no
lenuoy! no *Salue*, fir, but a Plantan! 64

A. By vertue, thou inforcest laughter; thy fillie thought,
my spleene; the heauing of my lungen prouokes me to redi-
culous smyling: O, pardone me, my starres! Doth the in-
confiderate take *saluë* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for
a *saluë*? 69 [*saluë*?

Pag. Do the wise thinke them other? is not *lenuoy* a

A. No, Page! it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plaine
Some obscure† prefedence that hath tofore bin faire.
I will example it: 73

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were still at oddes, being but three. 75

Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy*.

Pag. I will add the *lenuoy*. Say the morrall againe.

Ar. *The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,*

Were still at oddes, being but three. 79

Pag. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,

And staid the oddes by adding foure. 81 [*lenuoy*.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were still at oddes, being but three. 84

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,

Staying the oddes by adding four. [desire more?

Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: woulde you

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose; that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat. 89

62. *the*] F2. thee Q, F. (male is | †72. *obscure*] F. obscure Q.
pack). | (*saine* = said.)

*63. *plaine*] F. pline Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as 'fast and loose' :

Let me see ! a fat *Lenuoy* : I, thats a fat Goofe. 91 [begin ?

Ar. Come hither, come hither ! How did this argument

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin. 93

Then cald you for the *Lenuoy*. [in ;

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan : thus came your argument

Then the boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goofe that you bought ;

And he ended the market. 97

Ar. But tel me : How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin ?

Pag. I will tell you senciably. [*Lenuoy* :

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* ; I will speake that
I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within,

Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin. 102

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee. 105

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis* ! I smell some *Lenuoy*,
some Goofe, in this. 107

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie,
Enfreedoming thy person : thou wert emured, refrained,
captivated, bound. 110

Clown. True, true ! and now you wilbe my purgation, and
let me loose. 112

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance ; and
in lewe thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : Beare this
significant [*Glves him a letter*] to the countrey Maide *Iaque-*
netta ! There is Remuneration ! [*Glves him 3 farthings.*] for
the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants.

¶ *Moth*, follow ! [*Exit.* 118

Pag. Like the sequell, I. ¶ *Signeur Costard*, adew ! [*Exit.*

Clow. My sweete ounce* of mans flesh ! my in-conie Iew !
Now will I looke to his 'remuneration' ! 'Remuneration' !
O, that's the latine word for three-farthings : Three-farthings !
O, that's the price of this yncle ? 'i.d. ?' 'No,
Ile giue you a remuneration.' Why ! it carries it. 'Remunera-
tion !' Why ! it is a fayrer name then French-Crowne. I
will neuer buy and sell out of this word. 126

109. *emured*] Q, F, (as in IV. iii. | †123. *remuneration*] F. remunera-
312.) immured F2. | tion Q.

*120. *ounce*] F. ounce Q.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Enter BEROWNE.

- Ber.* O, my good knaue *Coflard* ! exceedingly well met !
Clow. Pray you, fir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a
man buy for a 'remuneration' ? 129
Ber. O, what is a remuneration ?
Cofl. Marie, fir, halfe pennie farthing.
Ber. O ! why then, threefarthing worth of Silke.
Cofl. I thanke your worship ! God be wy you ! 133
Ber. O stay, flauie ! I muft employ thee.
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I fhall intreate.
Clow. When would you haue it done, fir ? 137
Ber. O, this after-noone.
Clow. Well, I will do it, fir : Fare you well !
Ber. O, thou knoweft not what it is.
Clow. I fhall know, fir, when I haue done it. 141
Ber. Why, villaine, thou muft know firft !
Clow. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Ber. It muft be done this after noone.
Harke, flauie ! it is but this : 145
The Princeffe comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie :
When tongues fpeake sweetely, then they name her name,
And *Rofaline* they call her : afke for her ; 149
And to her white hand, fee thou do commend
This feald-vp counfaile. Ther's thy guerdon ! [*Gives him 1s.*]
goe !
Clow. 'Gardon !' O sweete gardon ! better then 'remunera-
tion' ! aleuence-farthing better ! moft sweete gardon ! I
will do it, fir, 'in print' : Gardon ! Remuneration ! [*Exit.* 154
Ber. O ! and I, forfoth, in loue ! I ! that haue been loues
A verie Bedell to a humerous figh, [whip,
A Crietick, nay, a night-watch Conftable ; 157
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall fo magnificent !
This wimpled, whyning, purblind, wayward Boy !
This fignior-*Iunior*, gyant-dwarffe, dan *Cupid* ! 161

161. *Iunior*] Hanmer (anon. conj. in Theobald). *Iunios* Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annoynted foueraigne of fighes and groones, 163
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents,
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces,
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators! (O my litle hart!) 167
And I, to be a Corporall of his fieldes,
And weare his coloures like a Tumblers hoope!
What! I loue! I fue! I feeke a wife!
A woman, that is like a *Iermane Clocke*, 171
Still a-repairing; euer out of frame;
And neuer going a-right, being a Watch,
But being watcht, that it may still go right!
Nay, to be periurde! which is worst of all: 175
And among three, to loue the worst of all!
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow,
With two pitch balles stucke in her face for eyes!
I, and by heauen, one that will do the deede, 179
Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her garde!
And I, to figh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to! it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose, for my neglect 183
Of his almightie dreadfull little might.
Well! I will loue, write, figh, pray, shue, & grone!
Some men must loue my Ladie, and some *Ione*. 186

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter the PRINCESSE, a Forrester, her Ladyes (ROSALIN,
MARIA, KATHERIN), BOYET, and her Lordes.*

Princesse. Was that the king, that spurd his horse so hard
Against the steepe vp rising of the hill?

Forr. I know not; but I thinke it was not he.

Princesse. Who-ere a was, a showd a mounting minde. 4
¶ Well, Lords! to day we shall haue our dispatch;

171. *Clocke*] F2. Cloake, Q, F. | suit, IV. iii. 255.)
185. & *grone*] F2. grone Q, F. | **Actus Quartus*] F. Q. om.
(Note *shue* sue, for *shooter* suitor, | 1, 4, &c. *Princesse*] Quee. Q, F.
IV. i. 110, and possibly *Shoote* | (in this scene).
[III. i. 162-185; IV. i. 1-5.] 26

called Loues Labor's lost.

- Ore Saturday we will returne to *Fraunce*.
 ¶ Then, Forrester, my friend, Where is the Busk
 That we must stand and play the murtherer in? 8
Forr. Heereby, vpon the edge of yonder Coppice:
 A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.
Princesse. I thanke my Beautie, I am faire that shoote,
 And thereupon thou speakest 'the fairest', shoote. 12
Forr. Pardon me, Madam! for I meant not so.
Princesse. What, what? First praise mee, and againe
 say no?
 O short liu'd pride! Not faire? alacke for woe! 15
For. Yes, Madam, faire. . . .
Prin. Nay, neuer paint me now!
 Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow. 17
 Heere, (good my glasse,) take this, for telling trew:
[Gives him money.]
 Faire payment for foule wordes, is more then dew. 19
For. No thing but faire, is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see! my beautie wilbe fau'd by meritt! 21
 O heresy in faire, fit for these dayes:
 A giuing hand, though fowle, shall haue faire praise! 23
 But come, the Bow! Now Mercie goes to kill;
 And shooting well, is then accounted ill: 25
 Thus will I saue my Credite in the shoote;
 Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote; 27
 If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
 That more for praise then purpose, meant to kill. 29
 And out of question, so it is sometimes,
 Glorie growes guyltie of detested crimes, 31
 When, for Fames sake, for praise, an outward part,
 We bend to that, the working of the hart. 33
 As I, for praise alone, now seeke to spill
 The poore Deares blood, that my hart meanes no ill. 35
Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-foueraigntie
 Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be 37
 Lords ore their Lordes?
Prin. 'Onely for praise'; and praise we may afford,

6. *Ore*] Q. On F. (But '*ore*' earlier in the week.)
 = before, may stand, tho' then it 27. *doote* = do't.
 moves the 2 days of the Play to

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

40

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common wealth.

Enter Clowne (COSTARD).

Clo. God dig-you-den al! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that haue no heads. 45

Clow. Which is the greatest Ladie, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clow. 'The thickest, and the tallest!' it is so! trueth is trueth! 48

And your waste, Mistris*, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles, for your waste should be fit. 50

Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest heere.

Princesse. Whats your will, fir? Whats your will? 52

Clow. I haue a Letter from Monfier *Berowne*, to one Ladie *Rosaline*.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter! He's a good friend of mine.

Stand a-side, good bearer! ¶ *Boyet*, you can carue;

Breake vp this Capon!

Boyet. I am bound to serue. 56

This letter is mistooke: it importeth none heere.

It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.

Princesse. We will reade it, I sweare!

Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare! 59

Boyet } '*BY* heauen! that thou art faire, is most infal-
reedes. } lible: true, that thou art beautilous; trueth it
selfe, that thou art louelie! More fairer then faire, beautifull
then beautilous, truer then trueth it selfe; haue comiseration on
thy heroicall Vassall! The magnanimous and most illustrate
King Cophetua set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate
Begger Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say,
Veni, vidi, vici: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, (O base
and obfcure vulgar!) videlisset, He came, saw, and ouercame: He
came, one; saw, two; ouercame†, three. Who came? the [69

41-2. *Enter Clowne*] Q, F, after
l. 40.

*49. *Mistris*] F. *Mistrs* Q.

68. *saw*] F2. See Q, F.

69. *saw*] Rowe. see Q, F.

†69. *ouercame*] Q2. *couercame*
Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to [70
ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he?
the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion
is victorie: On whose side? the Kings. The captiue is [73
inricht: on whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a
Nuptiall: on whose side? the Kinges? No, on both in one,
or one in both. I am the King; (for so standes the comparison;)
thou the Begger; (for so witnessesthy lowlines.) Shall I
commande thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I [78
coulede. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What shalt
thou exchange for raggs? Roabes! For tittles? Tyttles! For
thy selfe? Mee! Thus, expecting thy replie, I prophane
my lippes on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my hart
on thy euerie part. 83

Thine in the dearest designe of industri,

DON ADRIANO de ARMATHO.

'Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare, 86

Gainst thee, thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:

Submissiue fall his princely feete before,

And he from forrage will incline to play. 89

But if thou striue, (poore soule,) what art thou then?

Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.' 91

Prin. What plume of fethers is he that indited this letter?
What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued but I remember the stile.

Prin. Els your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile. 95

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard*, that keepes here in court,
A Phantafime, a '*Monarcho*,' and one that makes sport 97
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Prin. [to COSTARD] Thou fellow, a worde!
Who gaue thee this letter?

Clow. I tolde you: 'my Lord.' 99

Prin. To whom shouldst thou giue it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Ladie.

Prin. From which Lord, to which Ladie? 101

Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maister of mine,
To a Ladie of *France*, that he calde *Rosaline*. 103

73. *Kings*] Kings Q2. King Q, F.

85. *Adriano*] Q2. Adriana Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. ¶ Come, Lords, away!
[*to Ros.*] Here, sweete! put vp this! twilbe thine annoother
day. 105

[*Exeunt PRINCESSE, KATHERIN, Lords & Forrester.*

Boyet. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rofa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boy. I, my continent of beautie!

Rofa. Why, she that beares the Bow.
Finely put off! 108

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes; but, if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere miscarrie. 110
Finely put on!

Rofa. Well then, I am 'the shooter'.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rofa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
neare. 113

Finely put on, in deede!

Maria. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she strikes
at the brow. 115

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?

Rofa. Shall I come vpon thee with an olde saying, that
was a man when King *Pippen* of *Frannce* was a litle boy, as
touching the 'hit it'? 119

Boy. So I may answere thee with one as olde, that was a
woman when queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a litle wench
as toching the 'hit it'. 122

Rofa. [*sings*] *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it!*

Thou canst not hit it, my good man! [*Exit.*

Boy. [*sings*] *And I cannot, cannot, cannot;*

And I cannot, an other can. 126

Clo. By my troth, most plesant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A marke marueilous wel shot, for they both did hit it.

Bo. 'A mark'! O mark but that mark! 'A mark', saies
my Lady!

Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at, if it may be. 130

Mar. Wide a'the bow hand! yfaith, your hand is out.

108, 111, 114. Ought not these
comments 'Finely put off!' &c.,
to be spoken by a third person,

KATHERIN, who has now nothing
to say in this scene?

128. *hit it!* F4. hit Q. F.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Clo. Indeed, a'must shoot nearer, or hele ne're* hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clo. Then will she get the vphoot, by cleauing the pin. 134

Ma. Come, come! you talke greafely; your lips grow fowle. [bowle. 136

Cl. Shes too hard for you at pricks, fir: challeng her to

Bo. I feare too much rubbing: good night, my good owle!

[*Exeunt MARIA & BOYET.*

Clo. By my soule, a Swaine! a most simple Clowne!

Lord, Lord! how the Ladies and I haue put him downe!

O my troth, most sweete iestes! most inconie vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obfcenly, as it were, so fit.

Armatho ath too[n] fide: o, a most daintie man!

To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fann! 143

To see him kisse his hand! & how most sweetly a wil sweare!

And his Page atother fide, that handfull of wit!

Ah, heauens! it is most pathetical nit! 146

Sowla, fowla!

[*Exit. Showt within.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

Enter DULL the Constable, HOLOFERNES the Pedant, and

NATHANIEL the Curate.

Nat. Very reuerent sport, truly! and done in the testimonie of a good conscience. 2

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as the Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewel in the care of *Celo*, the skie, the welken, the heauen; & anon falleth, like a Crab, on the race of *Terra*, the foyle, the land, the earth.

Curat Nath. Truly, *Maister Holofernes*, the epythites are sweetly varried, like a scholler at the least: but, fir, I assure ye, it was a Bucke of the first head. 9

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul. Twas not a '*haud credo*'; twas a Pricket. 11

Holo. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, (as it were,) *in via*, in way of explication: *facere*, (as it were,)

*132. *ne're*] F. neare Q.

134. *pin*] F2. is in Q. F.

142. *toon*] one Rowe. toothen Q.

'*Armatho* ath to the' F.

147. *Exit*] *Exeunt* Q, F. *Showt*

Showt F2. Shoot Q. Shoot F.

7. *epythites*] epythites Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show (as it were) his inclination, after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather, vnlettered, or ratherest, vnconfirmed fashion, to insert again my '*haud credo*' for a Deare. 17

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*; twas a Pricket. 17

Holo. Twice fodd simplicitie! *bis coctus*! 19

O thou monster ignorance! How deformèd doost thou looke!

Nath. Sir, he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke: 21

He hath not eate paper, as it were: he hath not drunke inck; his intellectu is not replenished; he is only an annimall, only sensible in the duller partes: 24

And such barren plantes are set before vs, that we thankful should be,

(Which we of taste and feeling are,) for those partes that doe fructifie in vs more then he. 26 [foole,

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet,* or a So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a schole. 28

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an olde Fathers minde, 'Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.' [wit,

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tel me by your What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fīue weeks old as yet? 32

Holo. *Dictinna*, goodman *Dull*! *Dictinna*, goodman *Dull*!

Dul. What is '*Dictinna*'? 34

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the Moone. [more,

Holo. The Moone was a month old, when *Adam* was no And rought not to fīue weeks when he came to fīue score. 37
Th'allusion holdes in the Exchange. [change.]

Dul. Tis true in deede, 'the Collusion holdes in the Ex-

Holo. God comfort thy capacitie! I say 'th'allusion holdes in the Exchange.' 41

Dul. And I say, the 'polusion holdes in the Exchange'; for the Moone is neuer but a month olde: and I say beside, that twas a Pricket that the Princeesse kild. 44

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph

26. *of taste*] Tyrwhitt. taste, Q, F. | 33, 34. *Dictinna*] *Dictynna* Rowe.

*27. *indiscreet*] F. indistrect Q. | (33) *Dictisima*, (34) *Dictima* Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

on the death of the Deare? And, to humour the ignorant,
call **I** the Deare, the Princeſſe kild, a Pricket. 47

Nath. Perge, good Maſter *Holofernes*! perge! ſo it ſhall
pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurilitie.* 49

Holo. I wil ſomthing affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

☛ The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt a prettie pleaſing
Pricket, [hooting.

Some ſay a Sore; but not a fore, till now made ſore with
The Dogges did yell: put ell to Sore, then Sorell iumps from
thicket:

Or Pricket-fore, or els Sorell; the people fall a hooting. 54
If Sore be ſore, then ell to Sore, makes fiſtie ſores o' ſorell:
Of one ſore, I an hundred make, by adding but one more l. 56

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes
him with a talent. 59

Holo. This is a gyft that I haue; ſimple, ſimple! a fooliſh
extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obieſtes,
Ideas, aprehentions, motions, reuolutions. Theſe are begot
in the ventricle of Memorie, nourisht in the wombe of *pla*
mater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion. But
the gyft is good in thoſe in† whom it is acute; and I am thank-
full for it. 66

Nathaniel. Sir, I prayſe the Lord for you; and ſo may my
pariſhioners; for their Sonnes are well tuterd by you, and
their Daughters profite very greatly vnder you: you are a
good member of the common wealth. 70

Holo. Mehercle! yf their Sonnes be ingenuous,† they ſhal
want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will
put it to them. But *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*: a foule
Feminine ſaluteth vs. 74

46. ignorant] ignorant F. ignor-
ault Q.

47. call I] Camb. cald Q, F.

*49. ſcurilitie] F. ſquirilitie Q.
See V. i. 3, below.

51. Pricket is a buck of the 2nd
year; Sorel of the 3rd; Sore of the
4th. 55. ell] el Q, F.

55. o] of Warburton. o Q, F.

60, 71, 76, 79, 85, 95. *Holofernes*,
Nath. Q, F.

63. *pla mater*] Rowe, primater
Q, F.

†65. in whom] F. whom Q.

67. *Nathaniel*] Holo. Q, F.

†71. ingenuous] Q. ingennous F.
ingenuous Q2.

73. *ſapit*] Q2. ſapis Q, F.

A pleasant concerted Comedie :

Enter IAQUENETTA, and the Clowne (COSTARD).

Iaquenetta. God giue you good morrow, *Maister* Perfon ! 75
Holo. *Maister* Perfon, *quafi* Perfon ! And if one shoulde
 be perft, Which is the one ? [hogghhead. 81

Clo. Marrie, *Maister* Scholemaster, he that is likeft* to a
Holo. Of perfting a Hoghead ! a good luster of conceit in
 a turph of Earth ! Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for
 a Swine ! tis prettie ! it is well ! 81

Iaque. Good *Maister* Parfon, be fo good as read me this
 letter ; it was geuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don*
Armatho : I befeech you, read it ! 84

Holo. *Fauste precor gellida, quando pecus omne sub vmbra*
ruminat, and fo foorth. Ah, good olde *Mantuan* ! I may
 fpeake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice* . 87

Venetia, Venetia !

Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia. 89

Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan* ! Who vnderftandeth thee not,
 loues thee not : *vt, re, fol, la, mi, fa.* Vnder pardon, fir, Wha
 are the contentes ? or rather, as *Horace* fayer in his,—What
 my foule ? verfes ? 93

Nath. I, fir, and very learned.

Holo. Let me heare a ftaffe, a ftanze, a verfe : *Lege, aomine !*

Nath. [reads *BEROWNE'S 6-measure Sonnet to ROSALIN*]
 ' If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue ? 96

Ah ! neuer sayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.

Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile saythfull proue.

Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Ofiers bowed. 99
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes, 100

Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice : 102

Well learn'd is that tongue, that well can thee commend ;

All ignorant that foule, that sees thee without wonder ;

Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire

*78. *likest*] F. *liklest* Q.

85. *Fauste . . pecus omne*] F2.
Facile . . pecas omnia Q, F.

88-89. *Venetia . . pretia*] Malone
 (from Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591 :

' *Venetia, chi non ti vede non ti
 pretia ;*

Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.')

' *venchie, vencha, que non te
 vnde, que non te perreche*' Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

*Thy eie, Ioues lightning beares ; thy voyce, his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fier.* 107

Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,*

That singes heauens prayse, with such an earthly tong.' 109

Pedan. (Holo.) You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the canzenet ! Here are onely numbers ratefied ; but, for the elegancie, facilitie, and golden cadence of poefie, *caret ! Ouidius Naso* was the man. And why, in deed, *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancie ? the ierkes of inuention. *Imitari* is nothing : So doth the Hound his maister, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider. ¶ But, *Damofella virgin*, Was this directed to you ? 118

Iaq. I, fir, from one mounfier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lordes. 120

Holofernes. I will ouerglaunce the superscript : '*To the snow-white hand of the most bewtious Lady Rosaline.*' I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the partie writing to the person written vnto. '*Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.*' 125

Sir *Nathaniel*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the franger Queenes ; which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. ¶ [*To Iaq.*] Trip and goe, my sweete ! deliuer this Paper into the royall hand of the King ! it may concerne much : stay not thy complement ; I forgiue thy dewtie ; adue ! 132

Mayd. Good *Costard*, go with me ! ¶ Sir, God faue your life !

Cofl. Haue with thee, my girle ! [*Exeunt COST. & Iaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you haue done this in the feare of God, verie religiously ; and, as a certaine Father saith, . . . 136

Ped. (Holo.) Sir, tell not mee of the Father ; I do feare

*108. *wrong*] F. woug Q.

111. *canzenet*] *canzonet* Theobald. cangenet Q, F.

111. *Here*] Theobald. *Nath.* Here Q, F.

115. *Imitari*] Theobald. imitarie Q, F (showing the sound of i).

121. *Holofernes*] Theobald. *Nath.* Q.

123. *intellect* means 'signature'.

—T. S. Baynes. *Fraser's Mag.* 1880.

124. *writing*] Rowe. written Q, F.

126. *Nathaniel*] Capell. *Ped.* (Per. F) Sir Holofernes Q, F.

134. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit Q, F.

135. *Nathaniel*] Holo. Q. Hol. F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

colourable coloures. But to returne to the Verfes: Did they please you, fir *Nathaniel*? 139

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine pupill of mine, where, if (before* repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will, on my priuiledge I haue with the parentes of the foresaid childe or pupill, vndertake your *ben venuto*, where I will proue those Verfes to be very vnlearned, neither fauouring of Poetrie, wit, nor inuention. I beseech your societie. 147

Nath. And thanke you too! for societie (saith the text) is the happines of life. 149

Peda. And certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [To DULL.] Sir, I do inuite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba!* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [Exeunt. 153

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

Enter BEROWNE, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Berow. The King, he is hunting the Deare;

I, am courting my selfe. 2

They haue pitcht a Toyle; I am toyling in a pytch; pytch that defiles; 'defile'! a foule worde! Well, 'set thee downe, forrow!' for so they say the foole sayd; and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued, wit! By the Lord, this Loue is as [6 madd as *Aiax*: it kills Sheepe; it kills mee. I, a 'Sheepe'! well proued againe a my fide! I will not loue! if I do, hang mee! I'fayth I will not! O, but her eye! by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her! yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throate. By heauen! I doe loue! and it hath taught me to rime, and to be mallicholie: and heere is part of my Rime, and heare my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a' my Sonnets already; the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: fweete Clowne! sweeter Foole! sweetest Lady! 16

By the worlde, I woulde not care a pin,

If the other three were in. 18

*142. before] Q. being F.

145. ben] Rowe (ed. 2). bien Q, F.

148. too] to Q, F.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Heere comes one with a paper :

God giue him grace to grone !

[*He standes a-side.* 20

The KING entreth, with a Paper in his hand.

King. Ay mee !

21

Be. [Aside] Shot, by heauen ! proceed, sweet *Cupid* !
thou haft thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papp.
In fayth, secrets !

24

King. [reads his Sonnet to the PRINCESSE.]

' So sweete a kisse, the golden Sunne giues not

To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,

As thy eye-beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot

The night of dew, that on my cheekes downe flowes.

28

Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,

Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,

As doth thy face, through teares of mine, giue light :

Thou shin'st in euerie teare that I do weepe ;

32

No drop, but, as a Coach, doth carrie thee ;

So ridest thou, triumphing in my wo.

Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,

And they, thy glorie, through my griefe, will show :

36

But do not loue thy selfe ! then thou will keepe

My teares for glassès, and still make me weepe.

38

O Queene of queenes ! how farre doost thou excell,

No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortal tell !'

40

How shall she know my griefes ? Ile drop the paper.

Sweete leaues shade follie. Who is he, comes heere ?

42

[*The KING steps a-side.*

Enter LONGAUVILL, with a Paper in his hand.

What ! *Longauill* ! and reading ! listen, eare !

(*Berow.* Now, in thy likeness, one more foole appeare !)

Long. Ay mee ! I am forsworne !

45

(*Berow.* Why, he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.)

(*King.* In loue, I hope ! sweete fellowship in shame !)

(*Ber.* One drunkard loues an other of the name.)

48

Long. Am I the first that haue been periurd so ?

(*Ber.* I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know :

41. *paper*] Q, Capell (the Devonshire copy turns the 2nd p upside down).

47. *King.*] Pope. Long. Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Thou makest the triumpherie, the corner-cap of societie,
 The shape of Loues *Tiburne*, that hanges vp Simplicitie.) 52
Long. I feare these stubborne lines lacke power to moue.
 O sweete *Maria*, Empreffe of my Loue! 54
 These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.
 (*Ber.* O, Rimes are gardes on wanton *Cupids* hofe : 56
 Disfigure not his Slop !)
Long. This same shall go. [*He reades the Sonnet.*
 ¶ 'Did not the heavenly Rethorique of thine eye, 58
 Gainst whom the world cannot holde argument,
 Perswade my hart to this false periurie?
 Vowes for thee broke, deserue not punishment. 61
 A Woman, I forswore; but I will proue,
 Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
 My Vow was earthly; thou, a heavenly Loue!
 Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in mee. 65
 Vowes are but breath; and breath a vapoure is.
 Then thou, faire Sunne, which on my earth doost shine,
 Exhalst this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine : 69
 If by mee broke, What foole is not so wise,
 To loose an oth, to winn a Parradise?' 71
 (*Bero.* This is the lyuer veine, which makes flesh a deitie,
 A greene Goose, a Goddesse! pure, pure Ydolatrie*! 73
 God amende vs, God amende! we are much out a th'way.)
Long. By whom shall I send this?

Enter DUMAINE, with a Paper in his hand.

Companie? Stay! [*LONG. standes aside.*
 (*Berow.* 'All hid, all hid!' an olde infant play. 76
 Like a demie-God, here sit I in the skie,
 And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-ey. 78
 [Catching sight of DUMAINE.
 'More Sacks to the myll!' O heauens, I haue my wysh!
 Dumaine transformed! foure Woodcocks in a dysh!) 80
Duma. O most deuine *Kate*!
 (*Berow.* O most prophane coxcombe!) 82

57. *Slop*] Theobald. Shop Q. F. | sible, the word should not be
 *73. *Ydolatrie*] Idolatry F. ydo- | changd).
 tarie Q (if for 'idiotry,' as is pos-
 IV. iii. 51-82.] 38

called Loues Labor's lost.

- Duma.* By heauen, the woonder in a mortall eye!
(Ber. By earth, she is not! corporall, there you ly!) 84
Duma. Her Amber haire,* for foule hath amber coted!
Ber. An amber-colour'd Rauē was well noted.) 86
Duma. As vpriight as the Ceder!
(Ber. Stoopeſ, I fay!
 Her ſhoulder is with child.)
Duma. As faire as day! 88
(Ber. I, as ſome dayes; but then no Sunne muſt ſhine.)
Duma. O that I had my wiſh!
(Long. And I had mine!) 90
(King. And I mine too, good Lord!)
(Ber. Amen! ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?)
Duma. I would forget her; but, a Feuer, ſhee
 Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be. 94
(Ber. A 'Feuer in your blood'! why, then incifion
 Would let her out in Sawcers! ſweete miſprifion!†) 96
Dum. Once more Ile reade the Ode‡ that I haue writ.
(Ber. Once more Ile marke how loue can varrie Wit.) 98

DUMAINE reades his Sonnet.

- 'On a day, (alacke the day!)
Loue, whoſe Month is euer May, 100
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton aire: 102
Through the Veluet leaues, the wind,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde; 104
That the Louer, ſicke to death,
Wiſht himſelfe the heauens breath. 106
Ayre, (quoth he,) thy cheekes may blow;
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo! 108
But, alacke, my hand is ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy thorne: 110

84. *corporall*] Q (Capell). cro-
 porall (Devonſhire) Cam.

*85. *haireſ*] F. heireſ Q.

87. *Stoopeſ*] Nicholſon. Stoope
 Q, F.

91. *And I*] Johnson. And Q, F.

†96. *miſprifion*] F. miſprifion Q.

‡97. *Ode*] F. Odo Q.

106. *Wiſht*] Wiſh'd F2. *Paſſ.*

Pilg. *Wiſh* Q, F.

110. *thorne*] Rowe (ed. 2),
 from *Englands Helicon*. throne Q,

F, and *Paſſ.* *Pilg.*

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

<i>Vow, alacke, for youth vnmeete,</i>	
<i>Youth so apt to pluck a sweete !</i>	112
<i>Do not call it sinne in me,</i>	
<i>That I am forsworne for thee ;</i>	114
<i>Thou, for whom Ioue would sweare,</i>	
<i>Iuno but an Æthiop were,</i>	116
<i>And denie himselfe for Ioue,</i>	
<i>Turning mortall for thy loue.*</i>	118
This will I send, and something els more plaine,	
That shall expresse my trueloues fasting paine.	120
O ! would the <i>King</i> , <i>Berowne</i> , and <i>Longauill</i> ,	
Were Louers too ! Ill, to example ill,	122
Would from my forehead wipe a periurde note ;	
For none offende, where all alike do dote.	[charitie,
<i>Long. [coming forth] Dumaine ! thy Loue is farre from</i>	
<i>That in loues grieve desirft societie :</i>	126
You may looke pale ; but I should blush, I know,	
To be ore-heard*, and taken napping so.	[cafe is such.
<i>King. [coming forward] Come, fir, you blush !</i>	as his, your
You chide at him, offending twice as much.	130
You do not loue <i>Maria ! Longaule</i>	
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile,	132
Nor neuer lay his wreathèd armes athwart	
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his hart !	134
I haue been closely shrowded in this bush,	
And markt you both ; and for you both, did blush.	136
I heard your guyltie Rimes, obserude your fashon ;	
Saw fighes reeke from you, noted well your pashion.	138
'Ay mee !' sayes one ; 'O Ioue !' the other cryes ;	
One, 'her haire were Golde' ; 'Chrystal, the others eyes.'	140
[<i>To LONG.</i>] You would, for Parradise, breake Fayth and troth ;	
[<i>To DUM.</i>] And Ioue, for your Loue, would infringe an oth !	
What will <i>Berowne</i> say, when that he shall heare	
Fayth so infringed, which such zeale did sweare ?	144
How will he scorne ? how will he spende his wit ?	
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it ?	146
For all the wealth that euer I did see,	
I would not haue him know so much by mee.	148

* 128. *heard*] F. hard Q. 144. *Fayth so*] S. Walker conj. Fayth Q, F.
[IV. iii. 111-148.] 40

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Bero. [*Aside*] Now step I foorth to whip hipocrisie!

[*Steps forth.*]

¶ Ah, good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee! 150
 Good hart! What grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These Wormes for louing, that art most in loue? 152
 Your eyes do make no 'coaches'! in your 'teares,'
 There is no certaine Princeesse that appears! 154
 Youle not be periurde! tis a hatefull thing!
 Tuff! none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting. 156
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot? 158
 [To LONG.] You found his Moth; the King, your Moth did
 But I, a Beame do finde in each of three. 160 [see:
 O what a Scæne of foolrie haue I seene!
 Of fighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene! 162
 O mee! with what strickt patience haue I sat,
 To see a King transform'd to a Gnat! 164
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
 And profound *Sallomon* to tune a Iigge, 166
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
 And *Crittick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes! 168
 ¶ Where lies thy griefe? O, tell me, good *Dumaine*!
 ¶ And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine? 170
 ¶ And where my Liedges? all about the brest?
 A Caudle, hou!
 King. Too bitter is thy iest. 172
 Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
 Ber. Not you to mee, but I betrayed by you: 174
 I, that am honest; I, that holde it finne
 To breake the vow I am ingag'd in; 176
 I am betrayed by keeping companie
 With men like you, men of inconstancie. 178
 When shall you see mee, write a thing in rime?

153. *coaches*] See l. 34. *couches*
 Q. F. *coaches* Hanmer.

159. *Moth* = mote (his = Du-
 maine's).

166. *Sallomon*] Q. Solomon.

174. *to mee . . . by you*] Capell.
 by mee . . . to you Q. F.

178. *like you*] Dyce (S. Walker

conj.). like Q. F. (*You* is needed
 for contrast with Berowne's *I*. But
 if F2 is right, that the left-out word
 is 'strange'—'men, like men of
 strange inconstancie,' F2—then the
 best change is Mason's, adopted by
 Steevens, 'With moon-like men of
 strange inconstancie'.)

[IV. iii. 149-179.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Or grone for Loue ? or spende a minutes time 180
 In pruning mee ? When shall you heare, that I
 Will praye a hand, a foote, a face, an eye, 182
 A gate, a state, a brow, a brest, a waft,
 A legge, a limme ? . . . [*Sees COSTARD & tries to run off.*
King. [stopping B.] Soft ! Whither away so fast ? 184
 A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so ?
Ber. I post from Loue : good Louer, let me go ! 186

Enter IAQUENETTA and Clowne (COSTARD).

Iaqu. God bleffe the King !
King. What present hast thou there ?
Clow. Some certaine treason.
King. What makes 'treason' heere ? 188
Clow. Nay, it makes nothing, fir.
King. Yf it marr nothing neither,
 The treason and you goe in peace away together. 190
Iaque. I beseech your Grace, let this Letter be read ;
 Our person misdoubts it ; twas treason, he said. 192
King. *Berowne*, reade it ouer ! [*He reades the letter.*
 [*To IAQUE.*] Where hadst thou it ?
Iaqu. Of *Cofiard*.
King. [*to COST.*] Where hadst thou it ? 196
Cofi. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

[BEROWNE tears the letter to bits.

Kin. How now ! What is in you ? Why dost thou teare it ?
Ber. A toy, my Leedge, a toy ! your grace needs not feare it.
Long. It did moue him to passion, & therfore lets heare it.
Dum. [*picks up the bits*] It is *Berownes* writing, and heere
 is his name. 201
Berow. [*to COSTARD*] Ah, you whorson loggerhead ! you
 were borne to do me shame. [*seffe !*
 [*To the KING*] Guiltie, my Lord ! guiltie ! I confesse, I con-
King. What ? [*messe.*
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt me foole, to make vp the
 ¶ Hee, ¶ hee, and ¶ you ; and you, my Leege, and I,
 Are pick-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die. 207
 O, dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.

180. *Loue*] Q (Devonshire copy), *Joane F.*
Ionc (Capell copy. See III. i. 185), 194. *Where*] *King.* Where Q.
 [IV. iii. 180-208.] 42

called Loues Labor's lost.

Duma. Now the number is euen.

Bero. True, true, we are fower: 209

Will these turtles be gon?

King. Hence, first! away! 210

(*Clow.* Walke aside the true folke, and let the traytors stay!)

[*Exeunt COSTARD & IAQUENETTA.*]

Ber. Sweete Lords, fweete Louers! O, let vs imbrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be.

The Sea will ebb and flow, Heauen shew his face;

Young blood doth not obay an olde decree; 215

We can not crosse the cause why we were borne;

Therefore, of all handes, must we be forsworne. 217

King. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?

Ber. 'Did they?' quoth you? Who sees the heauenly *Rosaline*,

That (like a rude and sauadge man of *Inde*, 220

At the first opning of the gorgeous East,)

Bowes not his vassall head, and, strooken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast? 223

What peremptorie Eagle-fighted eye 224

Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,

That is not blinded by her maiestie?

King. What zeale, what furie, hath inspirde thee now? 227

My Loue (her Mistris,) is a gracious Moone; 228

Shée, an attending Starre, scarce seene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*!

O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night! 231

Of all complexions, the culd soueraigntie 232

Do meete, as at a faire, in her faire cheeke,

Where fenerall worthies make one dignitie,

Where nothing wantes, that want it selfe doth seeke. 235

Lend me the florish of all gentle tongues! 236

Fie, paynted Rethoricke! O, thee needes it not!

To thinges of sale, a sellers prayse belongs:

She passes prayse; then prayse too short doth blot. 239

A witherd Hermight, fuescore winters worne, 240

Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:

Beautie doth varnish Age, as if new-borne,

And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie. 243

(220. Here begins the only (and happily the only) set of 17 consecutive fours in Shakspeare's work.)

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

- O, tis the Sunne, that maketh all things shine ! 244
King. By heauen ! thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her ? O wood deuine !
 A wife of such wood were felicitie. 247
 O, who can giue an oth ? Where is a booke ? 248
 That I may sweare, Beautie doth beautie lacke,
 If that she learne not, of her eye to looke :
 No face is fayre, that is not full so blacke. 251
King. O paradox ! Blacke is the badge of Hell, 252
 The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night ;
 And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Diuels soonest tempt, resembling spirites of light. 255
 O, if in blacke my Ladyes browes be deckt, 256
 It mournes, that painting & vsurping haire
 Should rauish dooters with a false aspect :
 And therefore is she borne, to make blacke, fayre. 259
 Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes, 260
 For natue blood is counted paynting now :
 And therefore redde, that would auoyde disprayse,
 Paintes it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow. 263
Duma. To looke like her, are Chimnie-sweepers blake. 264
Long. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops*, of their sweete complexion crake.
Duma. Darke needes no Candles now, for darke is light. 267
Ber. Your Mistresses dare neuer come in raine, 268
 For feare their colours should be washt away.
King. Twere good yours did : for, sir, to tell you plaine,
 Ile finde a fayrer face not washt to-day. 271
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomsday heere. 272
King. No Diuel will fright thee then, so much as shee.
Duma. I neuer knew man holde vile stuffe so deare.
Long. [*puts out his foot*] Looke ! heer's thy loue ! my
 foote, and her face, see. 275
Ber. O, if the streetes were paued with thine eyes, 276
 Her feete were much too daintie for such tread !

246. *wood*] Rowe (ed. 1). word | suitor, IV. i. 110, Cam. *Stole*
 Q, F. | Hanmer (Theobald conj.).)
 253. *Schoole*] Q, F. look, general | 257. &] and F4. an F2, 3.
 aspect, character (? corruption of | (not in Q, F.)
Suit spelt *Shoote*, as *Shooter* =
 [IV. iii. 244-277.] 44

called Loues Labor's lost.

Duma. O vile ! then, as she goes, what vpward lyes,
The freete should see, as she walkt ouer-head. 279
King. But what of this ? are we not all in loue ? 280
Ber. O, nothing so sure ; and thereby, all forsworne.
King. Then leaue this chat ; and, good *Berowne*, now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne. 283
Duma. I, marie, there ; some flatterie for this euyll. 284
Long. O, some authoritie how to proceede ;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheate the diuell.
Duma. Some false for periurie.
Ber. O tis more then neede. 287
Haue at you, then, affections men at armes !
Consider what you first did sweare vnto :
To fast, to study, and to see no woman :
Flat treason gainst the kingly state of youth ! 291
Say, Can you fast ? your stomacks are too young ;
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to studie, (Lords,) 294
In-that each of you haue forsworne his Booke,
Can you still dreame, and poare, and thereon looke ? ^{1(a)} 296
Why, vniuerfall plodding poysons vp 297
The nimble spirites in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the trauayler. 300
Now, for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes,
And studie too, the causer of your vow. (β)

¹ The first sketch of this speech | and F. They are separated here, the
is mixt up with the revize of it in Q | first sketch being given below :—

(γ) O ! we haue made a Vow to studie, Lordes ; [see 294]	303½
And in that Vow we haue forsworne our Bookes.	„ i
(a) For when would you, my Lord, ¶ or you, ¶ for you [see 304]	296a
Haue found the ground of Studies excellence	„ b
Without the beautie of a womans face ? (δ)	„ c
(β) For where is any Authour in the worlde,	303a
Teaches such beautie ² as a womans* eye ? [see 306-7]	„ b
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,	„ c
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.	„ d
Then, when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,	„ e
With our selues	„ f
Do we not likewise see our learning there ? (γ)	„ g
² ? learning. * womans] F. womans Q.	

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

For when would you, my Leedge, ¶ or you, ¶ or you.	304
In leaden contemplation, haue found out	
Such fierie Numbers as the prompting eyes	
Of beautis tutors haue inritchit you with?	
Other slow Artes intirely keepe the braine;	308
And therefore, finding barraine practizers,	
Scarce shew a haruest of their heauie toyle;	
But Loue, first learn'd in a Ladies eyes,	
Liues not alone emur'd in the braine;	312
But, with the motion of all elementes,	
Courfes as swift as thought in euery power,	
And giues to euery power a double power,	
Above their functions and their offices.	316
It addes a precious seeing to the eye:	
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde;	
A Louers eare will heare the lowest found,	
When the suspitious head of theft is stopt.	320
Loues feeling, is more soft and fenfible	
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.	
Loues tongue, proues daintie <i>Bachus</i> grosse in taste.	
For Valoure, is not Loue a <i>Hercules</i> ,	324
Still clymyng trees in the <i>Hesperides</i> ?	
Subtil as <i>Sphinx</i> ; as sweete and musicall	
As bright <i>Appolos</i> Lute, strung with his haire.	
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Goddes	328
Make heauen drowfie with the harmonie.	
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,	
Vntill his Incke were tempred with Loues fighes:	
O, then his lines would rauish sauage eares,	332
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.	
¹ From womens eyes, this doctrine I deriue:	
They sparcle still the right <i>Promethean</i> fier;	
They are the Bookes, the Artes, the Achademes, ¹	336

312. *emured*] Q, F, as in III. i. 111. *immured* mod. Eds.

¹—¹ See note on page 49. Here is the first cast of lines 334-336:—

(d) From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,	296d
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,	" e
From whence doth spring the true <i>Promethean</i> fire.	" f
IV. iii. 304-336.]	46

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

That shew, containe, and nourish all the worlde :
 Els none at all, in ought proues excellent. 338
 Then fooles you were, these women to forswear ;
 Or, keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles. 340
 For Wifedomes sake, a worde that all men loue ;
 Or for Loues sake, a worde that loues all men ;
 Or for Mens sake, the authour of these Women ;
 Or Womens sake, by whom we Men are Men, 344
 Lets vs once loose our othes, to finde our selues,
 Or els we loose our selues, to keepe our othes.
 It is Religion to be thus forsworne,
 For Charitie it selfe fulfille the Law : 348
 And who can seuer Loue from Charitie ?
King. Saint *Cupid*, then, and Souldiers, to the field !
Berow. Aduance your standards,* and vpon them, Lords !
 Pell-mell, downe with them ! but be first aduisd, 352
 In conflikt that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing : Lay these glozes by !
 Shall we resolute to wooe these gyrles of *Fraunce* ?
King. And winn them too : therefore let vs deuise 356
 Some entertainment for them in their Tentcs.
Ber. First, from the Parke let vs conduct them thither ;
 Then homeward euery man attach the hand
 Of his faire Mistres : in the afternoone, 360
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape ;
 For Reuels, Daunces, Maskes, and merrie houres,
 Forerunne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers. 364
King. Away, away ! no time shalbe omitted,
 That will be time, and may by vs, be fitted.
Ber. Allons ! allons ! sowed Cockell reapt no Corne,
 And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure : 368
 Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne* ;
 If so, our Copper byes no better treasure. [Exeunt. 370

345-6. loose 1, means let fly, let
 go, break. Loose 2, lose.
 *351. standards] F. standars Q.
 355. wooe] woe Q, F.

367. Allons ! allons !] Theobald.
 (Warburton). Alone alone Q, F.
 369. forsworne] F. forsorne Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Pedant (HOLOFERNES), the Curat (Sir NATHANIEL),
and DULL (the Constable).*

Pedant. Satis quod sufficit.

1

Curat. I praye God for you, sir! your reasons at Dinner haue been sharpe & sententious; pleasant without scurillitie, wittie without affection, audacious without impudencie, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie. I did conuerse this quondam day with a companion of the kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho*.

7

Ped. *Noui hominem tanquam te*: His humour is loftie, his discourse peremptorie, his tongue fyled, his eye ambitious, his gate maiestically, and his generall behauour vaine, ridiculous, & thrafonicall. He is too picked, too spruce too affected, too od, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.

12

Curat. A most singuler and choyce Epithat!

[Draws out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhorre such phanatticall phantasmis, such insociable and poynt-deuise companions; such rackers of ortographie, as to speake 'dout' fine, when he should say 'doubt'; 'det,' when he should pronounce 'debt; debt,' not 'det': he clepeth a Calfe, 'Cause': halfe, 'haufe': neighbour *vocatur* 'nebour'; neigh abreuiaed 'ne': this is abhominable, which he would call 'abbominable': it insinuateth me of *insanire*, (*ne intelligis, domine?*) to make frantique, lunatique?

Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo!*

23 [serue.

Peda. *Bon, bon, fort bon!* *Priscian* a litle scratcht: twil

Enter Bragart (ARMADO), Boy (MOTH), & COSTARD the Clowne.

Curat. *Vides-ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Video, et gaudeo.*

1. *quod*] Rowe. quid Q, F.
8. *hominem*] F3. hominum Q, F.
*11, 12. *teo . . too*] F. to . .
to Q.
13, 14. *Drawus*] Draw Q, F.
17. *ortographie*] Q2. ortagriphe
Q, F.

V. i. 1-26.]

22. *insanire*] Singer (S. Walker conj.). *insanie* Theobald. *insanie* Q, F.
24. *Bon, bon, fort bon*] Cam. *Priscian*] Theobald. Bome boon, for boon prescian Q, F.
26. *gaudeo*] gaudio Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

- Brag.* Chirra! 27
Peda. *Quare* 'Chirra,' not Sirra?
Brag. Men of peace, well incontred!
Ped. Most millitarie sir, salutation! 30
Boy. [*Aside, to COSTARD*] They haue been at a great feast of
 Languages, and stolne the scraps. 32
Clow. O, they haue lyud long on the almsbasket of wordes.
 I maruaile thy *Maister* hath not eaten thee for a worde; for
 thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:
 Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon. 36
Page. Peace! the peale begins.
Brag. [*to HOLOF.*] Mounfier, are you not lettred? 38
Page. Yes, yes! he teaches boyes the Horne-booke. ¶ What
 is 'Ab' speld backward, with the horne on his head? 40
Peda. 'Ba,' *puericia*, with a horne added. [learning!
Pag. 'Ba,' most feely Sheepe with a horne. ¶ You heare his
Peda. *Quis, quis*, thou Consonant? 43
Pag. The last of the fiae Vowels, if You repeate them;
 or the fift, if I.
Peda. I will repeate them: a, e, I.
Pag. The Sheepe; the other two concludes it; o, u. 47
Brag. Now by the fault waue of the *Mediterraneum*,* a
 sweete tutch, a quicke venewe of wit! snip, snap; quicke
 and home! it reioyceth my intellect; true wit! 50
Page. Offerd by a childe to an old man: which is wit-old.
Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?
Page. Hornes. 53
Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigg!
Pag. Lende me your Horne to make one, and I will whip
 about your Infamie. '*Vnum*', *cito*! a gigge of a Cuckolds horne!
Clow. And I had but 'one' peny in the world, thou shouldst
 haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde! there is the verie Re-
 muneracion I had of thy Maister, [*gives him 3 farthings*] thou
 halfepennie purse of wit, thou Pidgin-egge of discretion!
 O, and the heauens were so pleased that thou wart but my
 Bastard, What a ioyfull father wouldest thou make me! Go
 to! thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say. 63

28. *Quare*] Quari Q, F.

*48. *waue*. . . *Mediterraneum*] F. | wane . . . meditaranium Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Peda. Oh, I smell false Latine! 'dunghel' for *vnguem*. 64
Brag. *Artf-man, preambula!* we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-house on the top of the Mountaine? 67

Peda. Or *Mons*, the hill.

Brag. At your sweete pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I do, *fans question*. 70

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweete pleasur & affection, to congratulate the Princeesse at her Paultion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone! 73

Peda. The '*posterior* of the day,' most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the 'after-noone': the worde is well culd, chose, & apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familier, ('I do assure ye,') very good friende: for what is inwarde betweene vs, let it passe; (I do beseech thee, remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee, apparrell thy head.) and among [80 other important and most serious designs, and of great import in deede, too; but let that passe; for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace (by the worlde!) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger, thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachie: but, sweete hart, let that passe. By the world, I recount no fable: some [86 certaine special honours, it pleaseth his greatnes to impart to *Armado*, a Souldier, a man of trauayle, that hath seene the worlde: but let that passe. The very all of all is, (but, sweet hart, I do implore secrecie,*) that the King would haue me present the Princeesse (sweete chuck!) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or fierworke. Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweete selfe are good at such eruptions and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were), I haue acquainted you withall, to the ende to craue your assistance. 96

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the 'Nine Worthies.'
 ¶ Sir *Nathaniel*,—as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendred† by our

65. *preambula*] Theobald. pre-ambulat Q, F.

81. *important*] importunt Q. importunate F.

V. i. 64-99.]

*90. *secrecie*] F. secretie Q.
 98. *Nathaniel*] Capell. Holo-fernes Q, F.

†99. *rendred*] F. rended Q.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

assistance, at the Kinges commaund, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned Gentleman, before the Princeesse: I say, none so fit to present as the 'Nine Worthies.' 102

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to present them? 104

Peda. *Iofua*, your selfe; my selfe, *Alexander*; ¶ and this gallant Gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; ¶ this Swaine (because of his great lim or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great; the Page, *Hercules*. . . 108

Brag. Pardon, fir! error! He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumbe; he is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? He shall present *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* shalbe strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose. 113

Page. An excellent deuce! so, if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, 'Well done, *Hercules*! now thou crusest the Snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to do it. 117

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthie Gentleman!

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing? 121

Peda. We attende.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you, follow! 124

Peda. *Via*, good-man *Dull*! thou hast spoken no worde all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderstoode none, neither, fir.

Ped. Allons! we will employ thee. 128

Dull. Ile make one in a daunce, or so: or I will play On the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.

Peda. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*! to our sport, away! 131

[*Exeunt.*]

100. *assistance at*] assistance
Singer (Heath conj.). at F2.
assistants Q, F.

102. *to present as*] Fl. as to present Q, F.

105. *Alexander*] not in Q. (The cast of the play should not be altogether the same as the persons

in it: cp. *M. N. Dream*, where Manager Quince the Carpenter, cast for Thisbe's Father, plays *Prologue*; Starveling the Tailor, cast for Thisbe's Mother, plays *Moonshine*; and Snout the Tinker, cast for Pyramus's Father, plays *Wall*.)
128. *Allons*] (?) Alone Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Enter the Ladies: the PRINCESSE, ROSALIN, KATHERIN, & MARIA.

Princesse. Sweete hartes, we shalbe rich ere we depart, 1
Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in!
A Ladie walde about with Diamondes!

Looke you, what I haue from the louing King! 4
Rosa. Madame, came nothing els along with that?

Princesse. Nothing but this? yes, as much loue in Rime
As would be crambd vp in a sheete of paper,
Writ a both sides the leafe, margent and all, 8
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax;
For he hath been fise thousand yeere a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrowde vnhappie gallowes too! 12

Ros. Youle nere* be friendes with him; a kild your sifter.

Kath. He made her melancholie, sad, and heauie;
And so she died: had she bin Light like you, 16
Of such a mery, nimble, stirring ipirit,
She might a bin at Grandam ere she died:
And so may you; For 'a light hart liues long.

Ros. Whats your darke meaning, mouce, of this 'light' word?

Kath. A 'light' condition in a beautie 'darke'! 20

Ros. We neede more 'light' to finde your meaning out.

Kath. Yole marre the 'light' by taking it in snuffe;
Therefore Ile 'darkly' ende the argument.

Ros. Looke, what you do, you do it still i'th 'darke' . 24

Kath. So do not you, for you are a 'light' Wench.

Ros. In deede I waigh not you, and therefore 'light'.

Kath. You 'waigh' me not? O, thats you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason! for 'past care, is still past cure.' 28

Princesse. Well bandied both! a set of Wit well played!
¶ But *Rosaline*,‡ you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew!
And if my face were but as faire as yours, 32

1, 6, &c. *Princesse*] Quee. Q | †17. a *Grandam*] F. Grandam
(We alter it thru-out). Q.

*13. *nere*] F. neare Q. | ‡30. *Rosaline*] F. Rasaline Q.
V. il. 1-32.] 52

called Loues Labor's lost.

My Fauour were as great; be witnesse, this!
 Nay, I haue Vearfes too, I thanke *Berowne*; 34
 The numbers true; and, were the numbring too,
 I were the fayrest Goddesse on the ground: 36
 I am comparde to twentie thousand fairs.
 O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Princesse. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praife. 40
Princesse. Beautious as Incke; a good conclusion.
Kath. Faire as a text B in a Coppie-booke.
Ros. Ware penfalls, How! Let me not die your debtor,
 My red Dominicall, my golden letter! 44
 O that your face were not so full of Oes!
Princesse. A Poxe of that iest! and I beshrow all Shrowes!
 But, *Katherine*, what was sent to you from faire *Dumaine*?
Kath. Madame, this Gloue.
Princesse. Did he not send you twaine? 48
Kath. Yes, Madame: and moreouer,
 Some thousand Verfes of a faithfull Louer; 50
 A hudge translation of hipocrisie,
 Vildly compyled, profound simplicitie. 52
Maria. This, [*showing a letter*], and these Pearles, to me
 sent *Longauile*.
 The Letter is too long by halfe a mile. 54
Princesse. I thinke no lesse. Dost thou not wish in hart,
 The Chaîne were longer, and the Letter short?
Maria. I! or I would these handes might neuer part. 57
Princesse. We are wise girles, to mocke our Louers fo.
Ros. They are worse fooles, to purchase mocking fo.
 That same *Berowne*, ile torture ere I go! 60
 O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke!
 How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke, 62
 And wayte the season, and obserue the times,
 And spend his prodigall wittes in booteles rimes. 64
 And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
 And make him proude, to make me proude that iestes!
 So perttaunt like¹ would I oresway his state,
 That he should be my foole, and I his fate! 68

53, 57. *Maria*] Marg. Q. Mar. F.

¹ pertly, commandingly.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Princesse. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turnde Foole; Follie, in Wifedome hatcht, 70
Hath Wifedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole. 72

Rosa. The blood of youth burnes not with such excesse,
As grauities reuolt to wantonnesse. 74

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As foolrie in the Wife, when Wit doth dote; 76
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue, by Wit, worth in simplicitie. 78

Enter BOYET.

Princesse. Heere comes *Boyet*, and myrth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabde* with laughter! Wher's her Grace?

Princesse. Thy newes, *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare, Maddame, prepare!

¶ Arme, Wenches, arme! incounters mounted are, 82
Against your Peace! Loue doth approach, disguyfd,
Armèd in argumentes; you'll be surprisd; 84
Muster your Wits! stande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence! 86

Princesse. Saint *Dennis* to *S. Cupid*! What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say, scout, say! 88

Boy. Vnder the cool shade of a Siccamore,†
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre; 90
When lo! (to interrupt my purposed rest,)

Toward that shade I might beholde address, 92
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by, 94

And ouer-heard,‡ what you shall ouer-heare:
That, by and by, disguyfd they § will be heere. 96

Their Heralde is a prettie knauish Page,
That well by hart hath cond his embassage: 98

Action and accent did they teach him there:
'Thus must thou speake,' and 'thus thy body beare': 100

And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Prefence maiesticall would put him out; 102

74. *wantonnesse*] F2. wantons be

Q. F.

*80. *stabde*] stab'd F. stable Q.

†89. *Siccamore*] F. Siccamone Q.

‡95. *heard*] F. hard Q.

§96. *they*] F. thy Q.

called Loues Labor's lost.

'For,' (quoth the King,) 'an Angell shalt thou see;	
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciouſly.'	104
The Boy replyde, 'An Angell is not euill;	
I ſhould haue feared her had ſhee been a deuill.'	106
With that, all laught, and clapt him on the ſhoulder,	
Making the bolde wagg, by their prayſes, bolder.	108
One rubbd his elbow thus, and fleerd, and ſwore	
'A better ſpeech was neuer ſpoke before.'	110
Another, with his ſynger and his thume,	
Cried ' <i>Via!</i> we will doo't, come what wil come;'	112
The thirde, he caperd; and cryed, 'All goes well;'	
The fourth turnd on the tooe, and downe he fell:	114
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,	
With ſuch a zelous laughter, ſo profound,*	116
That in this, ſpleene rediculous appeares,	
To checke their follie, paſſions ſolembe teares.	118
<i>Prinſeſſe.</i> But what, but what? come they to viſite vs?	
<i>Boy.</i> They do, they do; and are appariled thus,	120
Like <i>Muſcouites</i> , or <i>Ruſſians</i> , as I geſſe.	
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and daunce;	
And euery one, his Loue-feat, will aduance	123
Vnto his ſeuerall Miſtres, which they'le know	
By Fauours ſeuerall, which they did beſtow.	125
<i>Prinſeſſe.</i> And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhalbe taſkt:	
For, Ladies, we will euery one be maſkt;	127
And not a man of them ſhall haue the grace,	
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.	129
¶ Holde, <i>Rofaline!</i> this Fauour thou ſhalt weare,	
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:	131
Holde, take thou this, my ſweete, and giue mee thine;	
So ſhall <i>Beroune</i> take me for <i>Rofaline</i> .	133
¶ [to <i>MARIA</i> and <i>KATHERIN</i>] And change you Fauours too†!	
ſo ſhall your Loues	
Woo contrarie, deceyued by theſe remoues.	135
<i>Rofa.</i> Come on, then! weare the Fauours moſt in fight!	
<i>Kath.</i> But in this changing, What is your intent?	
<i>Prinſeſſe.</i> The effect of my intent is, to croſſe theirs:	
They do it but in mockerie merement;	139

*116. *profound*] F. profund Q.

†134. *too*] F. two Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

And mocke for mocke, is onely my intent. 140
 Their feuerall counfailes, they vnboosome shall
 To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall, 142
 Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
 With Visages displayde, to talke and greete. 144
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire vs toot?
Princesse. No, to the death! we will not moue a foot; 146
 Nor to their pend speech render we no grace;
 But while tis spoke, each turne away *her* face. 148
Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the speakers hart,
 And quite diuorce his memorie from his part. 150
Princesse. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
 The rest will nere come in, if he be out. 152
 Theres no fuch sport, as sport by sport orethrowne;
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne. 154
 So shall we stay, mocking entended game,
 And they, wel mockt, depart away with shame. 156

[*Sound Trompet within.*]

Boy. The Trompet foundes; be maskt! the maskers come!
 [The Ladyes mask.]

Enter Black-moores with musicke, the Boy (or Page, MOTH) with a speech, and the rest of the Lordes (the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILL & DUMAINE,) disguised as Russians, and vizarded.¹

Page, Moth. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth!
 (*Boyet.* [aside] Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.)

Page. A holy parcell of the fayrest dames 160
 [The Ladyes turne their backs to him.]

That euer turnd their—backes—to mortall viewes.

(*Berow.* [Aside to **MOTH**] Their eyes, villaine! their eyes!)

Pag. That euer* turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.

Out . . . 164
 (*Boyet.* True! 'out' in deede.)

Pag. Out of your fauours, heauenly spirites, vouchsafe
 Not to beholde . . .

148. *her*] F2. his Q, F.

¹ See l. 272, 386, 405.

152. *nere*] ne're F2. ere Q, F.

159. *Boyet*] Theobald. Berow.

Q. Ber. F.

160-1. *The Ladyes*] Q, F, after

161.

*163. *euer*] F. euen Q.

called Loues Labor's lost.

(*Berow*. 'Once' to beholde, rogue!)

Page. Once to beholde with your *Sunne-beamèd eyes*, 169

—With your *Sunne beamèd eyes*, . . .

Boyet. They will not anfwere to that Epythat;

You were best call it 'Daughter-beamèd eyes.'

Pag. They do not marke me, and that bringes me out.

Ber. Is this your perfectnes? begon, you rogue! 174

[*Exit* **MOTH**.]

Rosal. [*to* **BOYET**] What would these strangers*? Know
their mindes, *Boyet*!

If they do speake our language, tis our will

That some plaine man recount their purposes. 177

Know what they would!

Boyet. What would you with the *Princesse*?

Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rosa. What would they, say they? 180

Boy. 'Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.'

Rosa. Why, that they haue; and bid them so be gon.

Boy. She saies 'you haue it, and you may be gon.'

King. Say to her, 'we haue meafurd many miles, 184
To treade a Measure with her on this grasse.'

Boy. They say that 'they haue meafurd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.'

Rosa. It is not so. Aske them 'how manie inches 188
Is in one mile?' If they haue 'measured manie,'

The meafure then of one, is easlie tolde.

Boy. If to come hither, you haue meafurde miles,
And manie miles, the *Princesse* bids you tell, 192
'How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?'

Berow. Tell her we meafure them by weerie steps.

Boy. She heares her selfe.

Rosa. How manie 'weerie steps,
Of manie weerie miles you haue ore-gone, 196
Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?

Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duetie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt. 200

*175. *strangers*] F. *stranges* Q. | cess: see Chaucer's Envoy to his
178. *Princesse*] F4. *Princes* Q, | *Venus*, if his).
F (an old way of spelling Prin-

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face, 201
That we (like sauages) may worship it.

Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

King. Bless'd are cloudes, to do as such cloudes do! 204
Vouchsafe, bright Moone, and these thy Starrs, to shine,
(Those cloudes remooued,) vpon our waterie eyne! 206

Rosa. O vaine petitioner! begg a greater matter!
Thou now requestst but Mooneshine in the water. 208

King. Then, in our measure, do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bidst me begge: this begging is not strange. 210

Rosa. ¶ Play, Musique, then! [*Musique plays*] ¶ Nay, you
must do it soone!

Not yet! no daunce! Thus change I, like the Moone! 212

Kin. Wil you not daunce? How come you thus efranged?

Ro. You tooke the moone at ful; but now shee's changed.

King. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man. 215
The musique playes: vouchsafe some motion to it!

Rosa. Our eares vouchsafe it.

King. But your legges should do it. 217

Rosa. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
Weele not be nice: take handes! we will not daunce? 219

King. Why take we handes, then?

Rosa. Onely to part friendes.
Curtsie, sweete hartes! and so the Measure endes. 221

King. More measure of this measure*! be not nice!

Rosa. We can affoord no more at such a price. 223

King. Prise you your selues! What buyes your company?

Rosa. Your absence onely.

King. That can neuer be! 225

Rosa. Then cannot† we be bought: and so, adue! [*Curtsies.*
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you! 227

King. If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.

Rosa. In priuat, then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that. 229

[*They walk away, chatting.*]

Berow. White handed Mistres, one sweet word with thee!

208. requestst] Theobald. re-
quests Q, F (s is often used for st).
217. Rosa] Q, F put Rosa to 216.

*222. measure] F. measue Q.

†226. cannot] F. cennot Q.

called Loues Labor's lost.

- Princesse.* Honie, and Milke, and Suger: there is three!
Ber. Nay then, two treyes! an if you grow so nice,
 Methegline, Wort, and Malmfey; (well runne, dice!) 233
 There's halfe a dosen sweetes!
Princesse. Seuenth 'sweete,' adue!
 Since you can cogg, Ile play no more with you. 235
Ber. One word in secreet!
Princesse. Let it not be sweete!
Bero. Thou greeu'ft* my gall.
Princesse. 'Gall!' bitter!
Bero. Therefore meete! 237
 [They walk away, chatting.
Duman. Will you vouchsafe, with me to change a word?
Maria. Name it.
Duma. Faire Ladie! . . .
Maria. Say you so, 'Faire Lord? 239
 Take that for your 'faire Lady.'
Duma. Pleafe it you,
 As much in priuat, & ile bid adieu. 241
 [They walk away, chatting.
Katherin. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, (Lady,) why you aske.
Katherin. O for your 'reason', quickly, fir, I long!
Long. You haue a double tongue within your Maske, 245
 And would afforde my speechles vizard halfe. 246
Katherin. 'Veale' quoth the Dutch-man: is not 'veale' a
 Calfe?¹
Long. A 'Calfe,' faire Ladie?
Katherin. No, a faire Lorde Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word!
Katherin. No, Ile not be your 'halfe': 249
 Take all, and weane it! it may proue an Oxe. [mocks!
Lon. Loke how you butt your selfe in these sharpe
 Will you giue hornes, chaff Lady? do not so!
Katherin. Then die a Calfe, before your 'hornes' do grow.
Long. One word in priuate with you, ere I die. 254

231, &c. *Princesse*] Quee. Q. | 242-255. *Katherin*] Rowe.
 Qu. F. | Maria Q, F.
 *237. *green'st*] F. greeuest Q. | ¹? A pun on his Longaville.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Katherin. Bleat softly then ! the Butcher heares you crie.

[*They walk away and chat.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking Wenches, are as keene 256

As is the Rasors edge inuifible,

Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,

Above the fence of fence ; so sensible 259

Seemeth their conference ; their conceites haue winges,

Fleeter then Arrowes, bullets, wind, thought, swifter thinges.

Rosa. Not one word more, my Maides ! break off, break off !

Bero. By heauen, all drie-beaten with pure scoffe ! 263

King. Farewel, mad Wenches ! you haue simple wits.

Princesse. Twentie adieus, my frozen *Muskouits* ! 265

[*Exeunt KING, hls Lordes, & the Black-moores.*]

¶ Are these the breede of Wits so wondered at ? 266

Boye. Tapers they are, with your sweete breaths puft out.

Rosa. Wel-liking Wits they haue : grosse, grosse ! fat, fat !

Princesse. O pouertie in wit, Kingly-poare flout ! 269

Will they not (thinke you,) hange them selues to nyght ? 270

Or euer, but in vizards, shew their faces.

This pert *Berowne* was out of countnance quite.

Rosa. O, they were all in lamentable cases ! 273

The King was weeping-ripe for a good word. 274

Princesse. *Berowne* did sweare him selfe out of all suite.

Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword :

'No poynt' (quoth I) : my seruant, straight was mute. 277

Kath. Lord *Longauill* said, 'I came ore his hart : ' 278

And trow you what he calde me ?

Princesse. 'Qualme,' perhaps*.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Princesse. Goe, sicknes as thou art !

Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plaine statute-Caps. 281

But will you heare ? the King is my Loue sworne. 282

Princesse. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.

Kath. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.

Mar. *Dumaine* is mine, as sure as barke on tree. 285

Boyet. Madame, and prettie mistresses, giue eare !

Immediatly they will againe be heere, 287

265—309. *Princesse*] Quee. Q, F. | *279. *perhaps*] F. perhapt Q.
 273. O, they] Fz. They Q, F. | (? Qualme = calm, for *came*, 278.)

called Loues Labor's lost.

In their owne shapes : for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie. 289

Princesse. Will they returne?

Boy. They will, they will, God knowes!
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes : 291
Therefore change Fauours ; and, when they repaire,
Blow, like sweete Rofes, in this fommer aire. [stood.

Princesse. How 'blow' ? how 'blow' ? Speake to be vnder-

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Rofes in their bud ; 295
Dismaskt, (their dammaske sweete commixture showne,)

Are Angels vailing* cloudes, or Rofes blowne. 297

Princesse. Anaunt, perplexitie ! What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wooe ? 299

Rofa. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduisde,
Lets mocke them still, as well, knowne, as disguyfde : 301

Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguyfd like *Muscouites*, in shapeles geare ; 303

And wonder what they were, and to what ende
Their shallow shoves, and Prologue vildly pende, 305

(And their rough carriage so rediculous,)
Should be presented at our Tent to vs. 307

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw ! the gallants are at hand !

Princesse. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runs ore a land ! 309

[*Exeunt the PRINCESSE and her 3 Ladyes.*

Re-enter the KING and the rest (BEROWNE, LONGAUILLE, and DUMAINE).

King. Faire sir, God saue you ! Wher's the Princeffe ?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent. Please it your Maiestie
Commaunde me any seruice to her thither ? 312

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will ; and so will she, I know, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Berow. This fellow peckes vp Wit, as Pidgions, Pease,
And utters it againe when God dooth please. 316

He is Witts Pedler, and retales his wares

At Wakes and Waffels, meetings, markets, Faires ; 318

And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,

* 297. *vailing* (valing, letting fall)] | 309. *a land* (open space in a
F. varling Q. | forest)] land Q, F.
299. *wooe*] woe Q. wo F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Haue not the grace to grace it with such show. 320
 This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue :
 Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*. 322
 A can carue too*, and lifpe : Why, this is hee
 That kift his hand away in courtifie : 324
 This is the Ape of Forme, Mounfier the nice,
 That, when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice 326
 In honorable tearmes ; nay, he can fing
 A meane most meanely ; and in hufhering, 328
 Mende him who can ! the Ladies call him 'sweete' ;
 The staires, as he treades on them, kiffe his feete : 330
 This is the floure that fnyles on euey one,
 To shew his teeth as white as Whalës bone. 332
 And confciences† that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of 'honie-tonged *Boyet*.' 334
King. A blifter on his sweete tongue, with my hart,
 That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part ! 336

Re-enter the Ladies, husherd by BOYET.

Bero. [*seeing BOYET*] See where it comes ! Behaviour,
 what wert thou,
 Till this mad-man shewed thee ? and what art thou now ?
King. All haile, sweete Madame ! and faire time of day ! 339
Princesse. 'Faire' in 'all Haile', is foule, as I conceaue.
King. Confture my speeches‡ better, if you may.
Princesse. Then wifh me better ; I will giue you leaue. 342
King. We came to vifite you, and purpofe now 343
 To leade you to our Court : vouchsafe it, then !
Princesse. This Feelde fhall holde me ; and fo hold your vow :
 Nor God, nor I, delights in periurd men. 346
King. Rebuke me not, for that which you prouoke : 347
 The vertue of your eie, muft breake my oth. [spoke ;
Princesse. You nickname 'vertue' ; 'vice' you fhould haue
 For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth. 350
 Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure 351
 As the vnfullied Lilly, I proteft,

* 323. *too*] F. to Q.
 † 333. *consciencies*] F. *confeiences*
 ‡ 341. *speeches*] F. *spaches* Q.
 (Confture or confter = confttrue.)
 352. *vnfullied*] F2. *vnallied*
 Q. 340, to end. *Princesse*] Quee. Q. Q. F.
 [V. ii. 320-352.] 62

called Loues Labor's lost.

A worlde of tormentes though I should endure,
 I would not yeelede to be your houfes guesst; 354
 So much I hate, a breaking cause to be,
 Of heauenly Othes, vowed with integritie. 356
King. O, you haue liu'd in defolation heere, 357
 Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame!
Princesse. Not so, my Lord; it is not so, I sweare!
 We haue had pastimes here, and pleasant game: 360
 A messe of *Ruffians* left vs but of late. 361
King. How, Madame? *Ruffians*?
Princesse. I, in trueth, My Lord!
 Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.
Rosa. Madame, speake true! ¶ It is not so, my Lord! 364
 My Ladie (to the maner of the dayes,)
 In curtesie giues vnderferuing praise. 366
 We foure, in-deede confronted were with foure
 In *Russian* habite: heere they stayer an houre, 368
 And talkt apace; and in that houre (my Lord,)
 They did not blesse vs with one happie word. 370
 I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
 When they are thirftie, fooles would faine haue drinke. 372
Bero. This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete!
 Your wits makes wise things foolish. When we greete, 374
 With * eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie,
 By light we loose light: your capacitie 376
 Is of that nature, that, to your hudge stoore,
 Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore. 378
Rosa. This proues you 'wise' and 'rich'; for in my eie . . .
Bero. I am a foole, and full of pouertie. 380
Rosa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to snatch wordes from my tongue. 382
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse!
Rosa. All the 'foole' mine?
Ber. I cannot giue you lesse. 384
Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? what 'Vizard'? why demandaund you this?
Rosa. There! then! that Vizard! that superfluous case,
 That hid the worse, and shewed the better face. 388

*375. *With*] F. *With* Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

(*King.* We were defcried ! theyle mock vs now dounright!)
(*Dumain.* Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.) [sad ?
Princesse. Amazde, my Lord ? Why lookes your highnes
Rofa. Helpe ! holde his browes ! heele ~~s~~wound ! why looke
Sea ficke, I thinke, comming from *Muscouie*. [you pale ?
Bero. Thus poure the Starres downe plagues for periurie !
Can anie face of brasse hold longer out ? 395
Heere stand I, Ladie ! dart thy skill at me !
Bruse me with scorne, confound me with a flout ! 397
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance ! 398
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit,
And I will wish thee neuer more to daunce,
Nor neuer more in *Russian* habite waite. 401
O ! neuer will I trust to speaches pend, 402
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue ;
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime, like a blind harpers songue. 405
Taffata phrases, filken tearmes precise, 406
Three pilde Hiberboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedanticall ; these sommer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation. 409
I do forswere them ! and I here protest, 410
By this white Gloue, (how white the hand, God knowes !)
Hencefoorth my wooing minde shalbe exprest
In russet yeas, and honest kerfie noes : 413
And, to begin : Wench, (so God helpe me, law !¹)
My loue to thee is sound, *sance* cracke or flaw. 415
Rofa. *Sans 'sans'*, I pray you !
Bero. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the olde rage : beare with me ! I am ficke. 417
Ile leaue it by degrees. Soft, let vs see !
Write '*Lord haue mercie on vs*' on those three : 419
[*Points to the KING, DUM., & LONG.*
They are infected ; in their hartes it lyes ;
They haue the Plague, ¶ and caught it of your eyes ; 421
[*Points to the PRINCESSE, KATH. & MAR.*
¶ These Lordes are visited ; ¶ you are not free,

393. *sounded*] F2 : but sound Q, | tion Q.
F, means 'swoon.'

408. *affectation*] Rowe. *affect*- | ¹ ? the feeblest padding in Sh.

called Loues Labor's lost.

For, the 'Lords tokens' on you do I see. 423

Princesse. No! they are free, that gaue these tokens to vs!

Berow. Our states are forfait: seeke not to vndoo vs! 425

Rofa. It is not so: for how can this be true,

That you stand forfait, being those that sue

Bero. Peace! for I will not haue to doe with you. 428

Rofa. Nor shall not, if I do as I intende.

Bero. [*to KING, DUM., & LONG.*] Speake for your selues!
my wit is at an ende. 430

King. Teach vs, sweet Madame, for our rude transgression,
Some faire excuse!

Princesse. The fairest is, confession. 432

Were not you here but euen now, disguyfde?

King. Madame, I was.

Princesse. And were you well aduifde? 434

King. I was, faire Madame.

Princesse. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare? 436

King. That more then all the world, I did respect her.

Princesse. When she shall challenge this, you wil reiect her.

King. Vpon mine honour, no!

Princesse. Peace, peace! forbear!
Your Oth once broke, you force not to forfwear. 440

King. Despise me, when I breake this oth of mine!

Princesse. I will; and therefore keepe it! ¶ *Rosaline,* 442
What did the *Russian* whisper in your eare?

Rofa. Madame, he swore that he did hold me deare 444
As precious ey-sight, and did value me

Above this Worlde! adding thereto more ouer,

That he would wed me, or els die my Louer. 447

Princesse. God giue thee ioy of him! the Noble Lord
Most honourablie doth vphold his word. 449

King. What meane you, Madame? by my life, my troth,
I neuer swore this Lady such an oth! 451

Rofa. By heauen, you did! and, to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this! [*Shows a Ring*] but take it, fir, againe!
[*Gives it back.*]

King. My faith and this, the Princeesse I did giue:
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue. 455

[*Points to PRINCESSES.*]

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Princesse. Pardon me, fir, this Iewell did she weare;

[*Points to Ros.*]

¶ And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him,) is my deare. 457

What? will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Berow. Neither of either: I remit both twaine. 459

I see the tricke ant! here was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment, 461

To dash it lik a Christmas Comedie!

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some sleight Zanie*, 463

(Some mumble-newes, some trencher-Knight, some *Dick*

That smyles his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick 465

To make my Lady laugh, when thees disposed,) 465

Tolde our intentes before: which once disclosed, 467

The Ladies did change Favours; and then wee,

Folowing the signes, wood but the signe of thee. 469

Now, to our periurie to add more terror,

We are againe forsworne, in will and error. 471

Much vpon this it is: ¶ [*to Boyet*] and might not you

Forefall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue? 473

Do not you know my Ladies foote by th' squier,

And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?

And stand betweene her backe, fir, and the fier,

Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie? 477

You put our Page out! goe! you are aloude!

Die when you will, a Smocke shalbe your shroude. 479

You leere vpon me, do you? ther's an eie

Woundes like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrely† 481

Hath this braue **manage**, this carreere, bin run.

Bero. Loe, he is tilting straight! Peace! I haue don. 483

Enter Clowne (COSTARD).

Ber. Welcome, pure wit! thou partst a faire fray. 484

Clow. O Lord, fir, they would know,

Whether the three Worthis shall come in or no? 486

*463. *Zanie*] F. saine Q.

465. *in yeeres*—into years, or the wrinkles which come from laughter as well as age. So in *Merchant*, I.

i. 80, Gratiano says 'With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.'

[V. ii. 456-486.]

—Aldis Wright. W. J. Rolfe.

472. *it is*] F2. tis Q. F.

†481. *merrely*] merely Q. mer-rily F.

482. *manage*] Theobald. nuage Q. manager F.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Ber. What! are there but three?

Clow. No, fir; but it is vara fine,

For euerie one purfents three.

Bero. And three times thrice is nine. 488

Clow. Not fo, fir! vnder correction, fir, I hope it is not fo.
You cannot beg vs, fir; I can assure you, fir, we know what
we know: 490

I hope, fir, three times thrice, fir, . . .

Bero. Is not nine? 491

Clow. Vnder correction, fir, we know where-vntill it doth
amount.

Bero. By *Ioue*! I all wayes tooke three threes for nine. 494

Clow. O Lord, fir! it were pittie you should get your
liuing by reckning, fir.

Bero. How much is it? 497

Clow. O Lord, fir! the parties themfelues, the actors, fir,
will shew wher-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I
am (as they* say,) but to perfect one man in one poore man,
Pompion the Great, fir. 501

Bero. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*
the Great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of
the Worthy; but I am to stand for him. 505

Bero. Goe, bid them prepare!

Clow. We wil turne it finely off, fir; we wil take some
care. [Exit. 507

King. *Berowne*, they will shame vs: let them not approch!

Bero. We are shame-prooffe, my Lord: & tis some policie
To haue one shew worfe then the Kings and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come. 511

Princesse. Nay, my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now!
That sport best pleases, that doth least † know how: 513

Where zeal striues to content, and the contentes

Dies in the zeale of that which it presentes. 515

Their forme confounded, makes most forme in myrth,
When great thinges labouring, perish in their byrth. 517

(*Bero.* A right description of our sport, my Lord.)

*500. *they*] F. thy Q.

†513. *least*] F. best Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Enter Bragart (ARMADO).

Brag. Annoynted! I implore so much expence of thy
royal sweete breath, as will utter a brace of wordes. 520

[*Talks apart with the KING.*

(*Princesse.* Doth this man serue God? 521

Bero. Why aske you?

Princesse. A speakes not like a man ot God his making.)

Brag. That is al one, my faire, sweete, honie monarch;
for, I protest, the Schoolemaister is exceeding fantastical; too
too vaine, too too vaine! but we will put it (as they say) to
Fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most
royall supplement! [Exit. 528

King. Heere is like to be a good presence of Worthies:
He presents *Hector* of Troy; the Swaine, *Pompey* the Great;
the parish Curate, *Alexander*; *Armadoes* Page, *Hercules*; the
Pedant, *Iudas Machabeus*: 532

And if these foure Worthies in their first show thriue,
These foure will change habites, and present the other fwe. 534

Bero. There is fwe in the first shew.

King. You are deceiu'd; tis not so! 536

Bero. The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Poole, and the Boy: 537

Abate throw at *Nouum*, and the whole world againe

Cannot picke out fwe such, take each one in his vaine. 539

King. The Ship is vnder sayle, and heere she coms amaine.

Enter (COSTARD the Clowne for) POMPEY.

Clowne. 'I Pompey am.' . .

Bero. You lie! you are not he! 541

Clow. 'I Pompey am.' . .

Boyet. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well said, old mocker! I must needes be friendes with
thee. 543

Clow. 'I, Pompey am; Pompey surnamde the Bigge! . . .

Duma. 'The Great.'

Clow. (It is 'great,' fir;) 'Pompey surnamd the Great.

527. *de la guerra*] Theobald. de- | tional.
laguar Q, F. 538. *Nouum* = Novem, a well-

533. *foure* for 'fwe' is inten- | known game at dice.

called Loues Labor's lost.

*That oft in felds, with Targ and Shield, did make my foe to sweate;
And traailing along this coast, I heere am come by chaunce,
And lay my Armes, before the Leggs, of this sweete Lasse of
France.* 549

If your Ladishyp would say 'thankes, Pompey,' I had done.

Princesse. Great 'thankes,' great 'Pompey!' 551

Clo. Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a litle fault in 'great.'

Bero. My hat to a halfe-pennie, Pompey prooves the best Worthie. 555

Enter Curate (Sir NATHANIEL) for ALEXANDER.

Curat. When in the world I liud, I was the worldes commander;
*By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering
might:*

My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alifander. . . . 558

Boyet. Your Nose saies, 'no, you are not': for it stands too right. [knight. 560

Be. Your nose smells 'no' in this,* most tender smelling

Princesse. The conqueror is dismaid. Proceed, good Alexander! [commander. . . .

Cura. When in the worlde I liued, I was the worldes

Boy. Most true; tis right: you were so, Alifander! 563

Bero. Pompey the Great!

Clow. Your seruant, and Costard. 565

Bero. Take away the Conquerour! take away Alifander!

Clow. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne Alifander the Conquerour! [To the Curate] You will be scrapt out of the painted cloth for this! Your Lion, that holdes his Polax sitting on a close stoole, will be geuen to *Ajax*: He wilbe the ninth Worthie. A 'Conquerour'! and afeard to speake! Run away for shame, Alifander! [Exit Curat.] ¶ There, ant shall please you, a foolish mylde man! an honest man, looke you, and soone dasht! He is a marueylous good neighbour, fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for Alifander, (alas, you see how tis!) a litle oreparted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other fort. 577

Princesse. Stand aside, good Pompey!

551. *Princesse*] Prin. F2. Lady Q. La. F. *560. *this*] F. his Q.

572. *Exit Curat.*] Q, F, after l. 577.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Enter Pedant (**HOLOFERNES**) for **IUDAS MACHABEUS**, and the Boy (**MOTH**) for **HERCULES**.

Appologie.

Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe, 579
Whose Clubb kilde Cerberus, that three headed Canus,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus. 582
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Appologie. 584
 ¶ [*To MOTH*] Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish!

[Exit Boy.

Ped. Iudas I am, . . . 586

Dum. A 'Iudas'!

Pedan. Not Iscariot, fir.

Iudas I am, eclipsed Machabeus. . . .

Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas. 590

Bero. A kissing traytour! How art thou prou'd 'Iudas'?

Peda. Iudas I am. . .

Duma. The more shame for you, Iudas!

Peda. What meane you, fir? 594

Boyet. To make Iudas hang him selfe.

Pedan. Begin, fir! you are my elder.

*Bero. Well folowed! Iudas was hanged on an Elder.**

Pedan. I will not be put out of countenance! 598

Bero. Because thou hast no face.

Pedan. What is this? [Pointing to his face.]

Boyet. A Cytterne head!

Duma. The head of a Bodkin! 602

Bero. A deaths face in a Ring!

Long. The face of an olde Roman coyne, scarce seene!†

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsars Fauchion!

Duma. The¹ carud-bone face on a Flaske! 606

Bero. Saint Georges halfe-cheeke in a Brooch!

Duma. I, and in a Brooch of Lead!

Bero. I, and worne in the cappe of a Tooth-drawer!

And now forward! for we haue put thee in countenance. 610

Peda. You haue put me out of countenance.

*597. Elder] F. Flder Q. †604. scene] F. scene Q.

¹ 606. carud = carvd.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

- Bero.* False! we haue giuen thee faces. 612
Peda. But you haue outfaſte them all.
Bero. And thou weart a Lyon, we would do ſo.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an Aſſe, let him go: 615
 And ſo adue, ſweete *Iude*! Nay, Why doſt thou ſtay?
Duma. For the latter ende of his name. [away!
Bero. For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude*: giue it him! *Jud-as*,
Pedan. This is not generous! not gentle! not humble! 619
 [Exit.
Boyet. A light for Mounſier *Judas*! it growes darke; he
 may ſtumble. 620
Prinſeſſe. Alas, poore *Machabeus*! how hath he bin bayted!
- Enter** Braggart (*ARMADO*), for *HECTOR*; & *MOTH*.
Ber. Hide thy head, *Achilles*! here comes *Heſtor* in *Armes*!
Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now
 be merrie. 624
King. *Heſtor* was but a *Troyan*, in reſpect of this.
Boyet. But is this *Heſtor*?
King. I thinke *Heſtor* was not ſo cleane timberd.
Long. His Legge is too bigge for *Heſtors*. 628
Duman. More Calfe, certaine.
Boye. No, he is beſt indued in the ſmall.
Bero. This cannot be *Heſtor*.
Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter; for he makes faces. 632
Braggart. The *Armipotent Mars*, of *Launces the almightie*,
Gaue Heſtor a gift. . . .
Duma. A 'gift'-Nutmegg. 635
Bero. A Lemmon.
Long. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No! clouen.
Brag. Peace!
The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, 637
Gaue Heſtor a gift, the heir of Illion,
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight, yea,
From morne till night, out of his Pavilion. 640
I am that Flower . . .
Dum. That Mint.

* *Enter*] F. Eeter Q.

635. *giſt*] Q. gilt F.

[V. ii. 612-641.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

- Long.* That Cullambine. 641
Brag. Sweete Lord *Longauill*, raine thy tongue!
Long. I muſt rather giue it the raine; for it runnes againſt
Heſtor.
Dum. I, and *Heſtor*'s a Greyhound. 645
Brag. The ſweete War-man is dead and rotten. Sweete
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried! When he breathed,
he was a man. But I will forward with my deuice. ¶ [*To*
the PRINCESSE.] Sweete royaltie, beſtow on me the ſence of
hearing! [*BEROWNE ſteps foorth, & whispers to COSTARD.*]
Princesse. Speake, braue *Heſtor*! we are much delighted.
Brag. I do adore thy ſweete Graces Slipper!
Boyet. [*aside*] Loues her by the foote.
Dum. [*aside*] He may not by the yarde. 654
Brag. This *Heſtor* far ſurmounted Hanniball . . .
Clow. The partie is gone, Fellow *Heſtor*! ſhe is gone! ſhe
is two months¹ on her way.
Brag. What meanſt thou? 658
Clow. Faith, vnleſſe you play the honeſt *Troyan*, the poore
wench is caſt away: ſhee's quicke; the childe bragges in her
bellie already: tis yours! 661
Brag. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou
ſhalt die!
Clow. Then ſhall *Heſtor* be whipt, for *Iaquenetta* that is
quicke by him, and hangd for *Pompey* that is dead by him.
Duma. Moſt rare *Pompey*! 666
Boyet. Renown'd *Pompey*!
Bero. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*!
Pompey the hudge! 669
Dum. *Heſtor* trembles.
Bero. *Pompey* is mooued. More *Ates*, more *Ates*! Stir
them on! ſtir them on! 672
Duma. *Heſtor* will challenge him.
Bero. I, if a' haue no more mans blood in his belly then
will* ſuppe a Flea.
Brag. By the North Pole, I do challenge thee! 676
Clow. I will not fight with a ' Pole,' like a Northren man:

¹ Arm. has known Jaq. 1½ days. | *675. will] F. w Q (Devonshire).
672. on! stir] Rowe. or stir Q, F. | wi (Capell) Cam.
[V. ii. 641-677.] 72

called Loues Labor's lost.

Ile flash! Ile do it by the Sword! I bepray you, let me borrow my Armes againe! 679

Duma. Roome for the incensed Worthies!

Clow. Ile do it in my shyrt!

Duma. Most resolute *Pompey*! 682

Page. Maister, let me take you a button hole lower! Do you not see *Pompey* is vncafsing for the Combat? What meane you? you will loofe your reputation. 685

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me! I will not combat in my shyrt.

Duma. You may not deny it: *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweete bloodes, I both may and will. 690

Bero. What reason haue you for't?

Brag. The naked trueth of it is, I haue no Shirt! I goe Woolward for pennance. 693

Boy. True! and it was inioyned him in *Rome*, for want of Linnen: fince when, Ile be fworne he wore none, but a dish-cloute of *Jaquenettaes*, and that a weares next his hart for a Fauour. 697

Enter a Mefenger, Mounfier MARCADE.

Marcad. God faue you, Madame!

Princesse. Welcome, *Marcade*!

But that thou interruppt'ft our merriment. 699

Marcad. I am forrie, Madame; for the newes I bring Is heauie in my tongue. The King, your father . . .

Princesse. Dead, for my life!

Marcad. Euen fo! my tale is tolde.

Ber. Worthies, away! the Scæne begins to cloude. 703

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue feene the day of wrong through the litle hole of difcretion, and I will right my felfe like a Souldier. [*Exeunt Worthys.*

King. How fares your Maieftie? 707

Princesse. *Boyet*, prepare! I will away to nyght.

King. Madame, Not fo! I do befeech you, ftay!

Princesse. Prepare, I fay! ¶ I thanke you, gracious Lords, For all your faire endeuours; and intreat, 711
Out of a new-fad foule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wifedome, to excufe or hide

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

The liberall opposition of our spirites!
 If ouerboldly we haue borne our felues 715
 In the conuerse of breath, your gentlenes
 Was guyltie of it. [*To King F.*] Farewell, worthy Lord!
 A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue.
 Excuse me so, comming too short of thanks, 719
 For my great fute, so easely obtainde.

King. The extreame partes of time, extreamly formes
 All causes to the purpose of his speede;
 And often, at his very loose, decides 723
 That which long processe could not arbitrate.
 And (though the mourning brow of progenie
 Forbid the smyling courtesie of Loue
 The holy suite which faine it would conuince,) 727
 Yet, since Loues argument was first on foote,
 Let not the cloude of Sorrow iustle it
 From what it purpos'd; since, to wayle friendes lost,
 Is not by much so holdsome-profitable, 731
 As to reioyce at friendes but newly found.

Princesse. I vnderstand you not: my griefes are double.
Bero. Honest plaine words, best pearce the eare of griefe;
 And, by these badges, vnderstand the King! 735
 For your faire sakes, haue we neglected time,
 Plaide foule play with our othes: your beautie, Ladies,
 Hath much deformed vs, fashionsing our humours
 Euen to the oppos'd ende of our ententes. 739
 And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous,
 (As Loue is full of vnbecfitting straines,
 All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine,
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye, 743
 Full of straying shapes, of habites and of formes,
 Varying in subiectes, as the eye doth roule
 To euery varied object in his glance:
 Which partie-coted presence of loose loue 747
 Put on by vs,) if, in your heauenly eyes,

718. *humble* means 'eloquently or ceremoniously grateful, profuse of thanks,' and need not be emended to 'nimble.'

721-4. The last minutes of a
 V. ii. 714-748.]

negociation bring things to a point; and the very last one, like an archer loosing his arrow from the string, often settles a long controversy. (See l. 768.)—Nicholson.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Haue misbecombd our othes and grauties,
 Those heauenly eyes that looke into these faultes,
 Suggested vs to make. Therefore, Ladies, 751
 Our loue being yours, the errour that Loue makes
 Is likewise yours: we to our selues proue false,
 (By being once false,) for euer to be true
 To those that make vs both, (faire Ladies, you!) 755
 And euen that falshood, in it selfe a finne,
 Thus purifies itselfe, and turns to grace.

Princesse. We haue receiud your Letters, full of Loue;
 Your Fauours, the * embassadours of Loue; 759
 And in our mayden counsaile, rated them,
 At courtshyp, pleasant iest, and courtecie,
 As bombast and as lyming to the time;
 But more deuout then this, *in* our respectes, 763
 Haue we not been; and therefore met your Loues,
 In their owne fashyon, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, Madame, shewed much more then iest.

Long. So did our lookes.

Rosa. We did not cote them so. 767

King. Now, at the latest minute of the houre,
 Graunt vs your loues!

Princesse. A time, me thinkes, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
 No, no, my Lord! your Grace is periurde much, 771
 Full of deere guiltines; and therefore this:
 If for my Loue (as there is no such cause,)
 You will do ought; this shall you do for me:
 Your oth I will not trust; but goe with speede 775
 To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
 Remote from all the pleasurs of the world;
 There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
 Haue brought about the annuall reckoning. 779
 If this Austere infociable life,
 Change not your offer made in heate of blood;
 If frostes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
 Nip not the gaudie bloffomes of your Loue, 783

*759. *the*] F. not in Q.

763. *this in our*] Hammer. this our Q. these are our F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

(But that it beare this tryall, and laft Loue,) Then, at the expiration of the yeere,
Come, challenge me! challenge me by thefe desertes!
And, by this Virgin palme now kifing thine, 787
[*She takes his hand.*]

I wilbe thine; and till that infant*, fhutt
My wofull felfe vp in a mourning houfe,
Rayning the teares of lamentation
For the remembraunce of my Fathers death. 791
If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
Neither intitléd† in the others hart. 793

King. If this, or more then this, I would denie, 794
To flatter vp thefe powers of mine with reft,
The fodaine hand of death clofe vp mine eye!
Hence euer‡ then, my hart is in thy breft.¹ 797

Duma. [*to Kath.*] But what to me, my Loue? but what
A wife? [to me?]

Kath. A beard, faire health, and honeftie!
With three-folde loue, I with you all thefe three. 801

Duma. O, fhall I fay, 'I thanke you, gentle Wife'?

Kath. Not fo, my Lord! a tweluemonth and a day,
Ile marke no wordes that fmoothfaft wooers fay. 804

Come, when the King doth to my Lady come;
Then, if I haue much loue, Ile giue you fome. 806

Duma. Ile ferue thee true and faythfully till then!

Kath. Yet fweare not, leaft ye be forſworne agen. 808

Longauill. What faies *Maria*?
Maria. At the tweluemonths ende,
Ile change my blacke Gowne for a faithfull frend. 810

*788. *instant*] F. instance Q. | ‡797. *euer*] F. herrite Q.
†793. *intitléd*] F. intiled Q. | 799. *A wife*] *Kath.* A wife Q, F.

¹ Here follow, in Q and F, and in this note, the first sketches (1589-90 A.D.) of *Berowne's* and *Rosalin's* ſpeeches, which were 'newly corrected and augmented,' in or before 1597, to lines 813-847 below:

Berowne. And what to me, my Loue? and what to me? 798

Rosaline. You muſt be purgèd too, your ſinnes are rackt.

You are attaint with faultes and periurie:

Therefore, if you my fauour meane to get,

A tweluemonth ſhall you ſpende, and neuer reſt,

But ſeeke the weery beddes of people ſicke. 803

V. ii. 784-810.] 76

called Loues Labor's lost.

Long. Ile stay with patience; but the time is long.
Maria. The liker you; few taller, are so young. 812
Berow. [*to Ros.*] Studdies my Ladie? Mistres, looke on
Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye; [me!
What humble suite attendes thy anfwere there!
Impose some seruice on me for thy Loue! 816
Rofa. Oft haue I heard of you, my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worldes large tongue
Proclaymes you, for a man repleat with mockes,
Full of comparifons and wounding floutes, 820
Which you, on all estates* will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your witt.†
To weede this wormewood from your fructfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yf you please, 824
(Without the which, I am not to be won :)
You shall, this tweluemonth terme, from day to day,
Vifite the speechlesse ficke, and still conuerse
With groning wretches; and your taske shall be, 828
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the painèd impotent to smile.
Berow. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible! 832
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.
Rofa. Why, thats the way to choake a gibing spirrit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles. 836
A iestes prosperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Deaft with the clamours of their owne deare grones, 840
Will heare your idle scornes, continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not; throw away that spirrit!
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault, 844
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Berow. A tweluemonth? well! befall what will befall,
Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall. 847 [my leaue!
Princesse. [*to the KING*] I, sweete my Lord, and so I take

*821. *estates*] F. *estetes* Q.

†822. *wit*] F. *wi*: Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

King. No, Madame! we will bring you on your way.

Berow. Our wooing doth not end like an olde Play: 850
Iacke hath not *Gill*: these Ladies courtesie

Might well haue made our sport a Comedie. 852

King. Come, fir, it wants a tweluemonth an' a day,
And then twill ende.

Berow. That's too long for a Play. 854

Enter Braggart (ARMADO).

Brag. Sweete Maiestie, vouchsafe me! . . .

Princesse. Was not that *Hector*?

Duma. The worthie Knight of *Troy*. 857

Brag. I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue. I am
a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquenetta* to holde the Plough
for her sweete loue three yeere. But, most esteemed great-
nes! will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men
haue compiled, in prayse of the Owle and the Cuckow? It
should haue followed in the ende of our shew. 863

King. Call them foorth quickly! we will do so.

Brag. Holla! Approch! 865

Re-enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter; This, *Ver*, the Spring: The one
maynteyned by the Owle, th'other by the Cuckow. ¶ *Ver*,*
begin!

The Song.

Spring.

When Dafies pied, and Violets blew, 869

And Ladi-smockes all siluer white,

And Cuckow-budds of yellow hew,

Do paint the Meadowes with delight, 872

The Cuckow then, on euerie tree,

Mocks married men; for thus singes hee:

Cuckow! 875

Cuckow, Cuckow! O word of feare,

Unpleasing to a married eare! 877

*867. *Ver*] F. B. *Ver* Q. 870, 871] Q, F transpose these.
v. ii. 849-877.] 78

called Loues Labor's lost.

When Shepheards pipe on Oten Strawes, 878
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks,
When Turtles tread, and Rookes, and Dawes ;
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes ; 881
The Cuckow then, on euerie tree,
Mockes married men ; for thus finges he :

Cuckow ! 884
Cuckow, cuckow ! O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare ! 886

Winter.

When Isacles hang by the wall, 887
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile,
And Thom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke coms frozen home in paille, 890
When Blood is nipt, and wayes be fowle,*
Then nightly finges the staring Owle, 892

Tu-whit, to-who !
A merrie note,
While greafie Ione doth keele the pot. 895

When all aloude the winde doth blow, 896
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw,
And Birdes fit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw ; 899
When roasted Crabbs hissè in the bowle,
Then nightly finges the staring Owle, 901

Tu-whit, to-who !
A merrie note,
While greafie Ione doth keele the pot. 904

Brag.† The vvordes of *Mercurie*, are harsh after the songes
of *Apollo*. ¶ You, that way ! we, this way ! ‡ [*Exeunt omnes*.]

*891. *fowle*] F. full Q. †905. *Brag.*] F. Q om.
‡906. *You . . . omnes*] F ; not in Q.

NOTES.

- p. 4, I. i. 109. *Clymbe ore the house*, &c. F alters this, badly, into 'That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.'
- p. 11, I. ii. 89. *blushing cheekes*. Miss Rochefort-Smith supports the Q F reading, '*blush in cheeks*,' as the pl. *are* may be cauzd by *faultes*.
- p. 15, II. i. 89. *The 3 Ladies maske*. Line 123 seems to require it. None of the 3 Lords know any of the 3 Ladies, tho the Ladies know them. None of the Lords describes his Lady by any feature of her face, tho each hits on the right one for himself. Perhaps only Rosalin maskt.
- p. 23, I. 62-3. *in the male*. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, 'in them all,' adopted by Knight, is ingenious, but needless, as 'male' means 'mail,' budget, pack.
- p. 23, I. 68-9. *salve . . . salve*. The confusion of the two words arises only in writing and print; it would not exist in speaking.
- p. 35, IV. ii. 118-119. Mr. Daniel points out that this is inconsistent with IV. ii. 83-4. He would read:
"Jaq. Ay, sir.
Nath. 'Tis from one Monsieur Biron to one of the strange queen's ladies."—Notes and Conj. Emendations (1870), p. 26.
 We admit the inconsistency,—a thing not infrequent in Shakspeare,—and think it his.
- p. 37, IV. iii. 20. *He standes a-side*: that is, he goes up some height on the stage. See I. 77, p. 38.
- p. 39, I. 84. *not! corporall*. Theobald's *but corporal* is the best emendation.
- p. 39, I. 104. *can=gan* (began to), 'did,' as so often in early poetry.
- p. 40, I. 115. *for whom Ioue*. If any reader can't take the emphatic syllable *Joue* as a measure, he can read, with Collier, 'whom *great* Jove,' or with Rowe, ed. 2, 'whom ev'n Jove.'
- p. 40, I. 140. *One, 'her haire . . .'* S. Walker reads ingeniously *One's 'haire . . .'*
- p. 43, *note*. In *The Comedie of Errors*, the consecutive fours fall from 17 to 13 (the first being emended): see III. ii. 1-56, p. 22-24.
- p. 44, IV. iii. 253. *Schoole of night*. Taking *School* as an anticipation of one of its modern senses—'Who painted that picture?' 'It looks like the *School* of Giotto,'—the word may stand here Warburton's '*angry scowl*' doesn't suit the quiet '*badge*' and '*hue*' with which *School* is used. Thirlby's *soul*, Collier's *shads*, Halliwell's *scroll*, *shroud*, don't follow the lead of the letters of *Schoole* enuf.
- p. 48, V. i. 24. *Priscian a little scratcht*. Alluding to the common phrase, '*Diminuis Prisciani caput*,' applied to such as speak false Latin.—Theobald.

Notes.

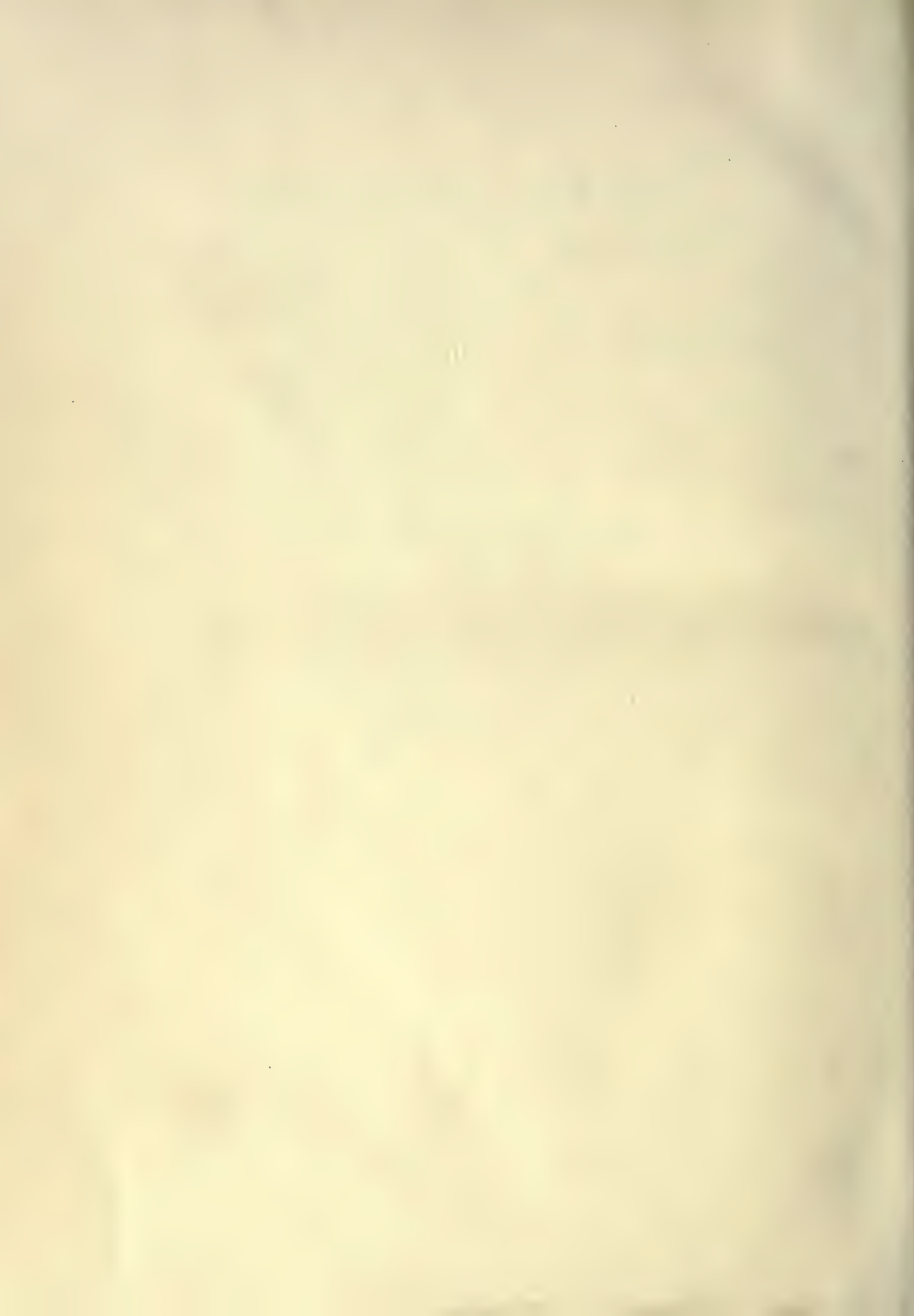
- p. 51, V. i. 128. *Allons for alons.* Mr. Daniel suggests *All's one*.
 p. 53, V. ii. 61. *in by th' weeke.* Caught, and safe in prison.
 p. 53, V. ii. 67. *peritaunt like.* Singer reads *potent-like*.
 p. 59, V. ii. 247. *Veale.* Dutch '*Veel, ofte* [= or] *vele*, Much, Greatly, or Many . . . *te veel*, Too much.' 1660. Hexham, *Dict*.
 p. 60, V. ii. 279. *Qualme.* The pun depends on the *a* of *came* being pronounced *ah*, and the *qu* of *Qualme*, *c*.
 p. 64, V. ii. 414-415, and note 1. *The winges, swifter thinges*, V. ii. 260-1, is almost as bad as this *law! flaw*.
 p. 65, l. 448. '*God giue thee ioy.*' This was a marriage blessing: see *Tell Troth* (N. Sh. Soc.), p. 90, l. 10 from foot: 'till the parish priest hath saide *God giue ye ioye*, and the brides bed hath borne it first nights waiggte.'
 p. 66, l. 478. *you are aloude*: allowd as a licenst fool. 'There is no slander in an allowd fool.' *Tw. N.*, I. v. 101.—Warburton.
 p. 67, l. 490. *you cannot beg vs*, as a lunatic, and get the profits of the wardship of us and our property.
 p. 70, V. ii. 588. Holofernes' 'Not Iscariot' is a quotation from *St. John* xiv. 22: 'Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot,' &c.
 p. 71, V. ii. 618. *Asse to the Iude . . Iud-as.*

An ass was given to a rapacious governor, named Jude. Jude asked the meaning of the gift, and the donor thus answered:

'For a present
 I bryng maister Iude (quoth he) this as hyther,
 To ioygne maister Iude and this as together.
 Whiche two ioygned in one, this is brought to pas,
 I maie byd you good euen maister Iudas.
 Macabe or Iscariot thou knaue (quoth he?)
 Whom it please your mastership, him let it be.'

Of an yll gouvernour called Iude. 11. The fyrste hundred of Epigrammes. Heywood's *Proverbs and Epigrams*, 1562, Spenser Soc. ed., p. 92.—W. G. S.

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